

BY

#### H. R. PALMER,

uthor of "The Sony Queen," "Rudimental Class Teaching" "Elements
of Musical Composition," Musical Editor of
"The Sunday School Teacher,"
Etc., Etc.

CHICAGO:

ADAMS, BLACKMER, & LYON PUB. C)., Arcade, No 160 & 162 Clark St.

1871.

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## PALMER'S



# Sabbath School Songs,

TO WHICH IS ADDED

#### AN EXTENSIVE COLLECTION

OF STANDARD AND WELL-KNOWN

## SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMNS,

BY

H. R. PALMER,

Author of "The Song Queen," "Rudimental Class Teaching," "Elements of Musical Compositon," Musical Editor of "The Sunday School Teacher," Etc., Etc.

#### CHICAGO:

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1870.

## SUGGESTIONS

#### TO SUPERINTENDENTS AND CHORISTERS.

For the sake of convenience, the Hymns have been divided into classes: such as those for Sabbath Schools, Social Meetings, Temperance, Missionary, Funeral Occasions, etc. It was found impossible to conform strictly to this plan in arranging the music pages; but a glance at the title in the index will always suggest the class to which the piece belongs. The Hymns for social meetings have been selected with reference to the wants of Teachers' Meetings and family worship. Still they are, in every instance, words which the children ought to learn, and will be found very useful upon occasions when a deep spiritual interest is manifested in the school. In adapting the Hymns to tunes, we have referred to as many different books as practical, but the book and tune which is printed first is our preference.

By way of introduction, we would call attention to the following pieces: "Looking to Jesus;" "Angry Words;" "Beautiful Home;" "I will Seek my Father;" "Only Waiting;" "Little Pilgrim on the Road;" "Father Rock us;" "Children may Come to the Saviour;" "Loved Ones Gone Before;" "Singing from the Heart;" etc., etc.

With regard to "Tell Him to Halt!" we wish to say that, although it has been the subject of slight criticism, it has, nevertheless, attained a sudden and wide-spread popularity, and we insert it, deferring to the

opinion of the people, rather than to that of the critic.

One of the greatest aids in keeping up good singing, is the Sunday School Choir, which should consist of eight or ten of the best singers in the school from eleven to fifteen years of age. The chorister should spend an hour or so, each week, in teaching the choir to sing new songs, thus enabling them to render very material aid when he wishes to introduce these songs to the school. After much experience in conducting Sabbath School music, the author has found that no feature awakens a more lively interest on the part of the members, than a special piece well sung by the choir each Sunday; more especially if the scholars are given to understand that they are to learn these new songs after a few Sabbaths. At first, the choir may consist of two members (a soprano and an alto), and may be augmented from time to time by the addition of any good singer who manifests a disposition to work.

While many of the pieces are written as solos, duets, etc., they are within the compass of all voices, and may be sung in unison by the whole school with great effect; indeed, they should usually be sung in this way.

The player will find that a piece of elastic cord, stretched around the book rack, will be very convenient in keeping the book open. Every page is complete in itself; hence there is no necessity for turning the leaves

after the book is once in position.

We are under obligations to Messrs. Root & Cady, Messrs. Biglow & Main (successors to Mr. Bradbury), Messrs. F. J. Huntington & Co., Mr. J. M. North, Rev. R. Lowry, and others, who have kindly permitted us to reprint many valuable pieces from their publications. Also, to Dr. C. R. Blackall, Rob. Morris, LL.D., and many others (whose names appear over their respective pieces), for original hymns written expressly for this work.

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CHICAGO June, 1868.

H. R. PALMER.

## PALMER'S

## SABBATH SCHOOL SONGS.

## Children's Voices.

Inscribed to the Sunday School of the First Baptist Church.



#### I'll Away to Sabbath School.

S. S. Bell, No. 1-52, Key of B flat.

1. When the morning light drives away the night,

With the sun so bright and full, And it draws its line near the hour of nine, I'll away to the Sabbath School,

For 'tis there we all agree, All with happy hearts and free, And I love to early be, At the Sabbath School:

I'll away! away! I'll away! away! I'll away to Sabbath School!

2. On the frosty dawn of a winter's morn, When the earth is wrapped in snow, Or the summer breeze plays round the trees,

To the Sabbath School I go. When the holy day has come, And the Sabbath breakers roam, I delight to leave my home, For the Sabbath School: I'll away, &c.

3. In the class I meet with the friends I I'll try to bring one, or I'll try to bring two,

At the time of morning prayer; And our hearts we raise in a hymn of

praise,

For 'tis always pleasant there: In the Book of holy truth, Full of counsel and reproof, We behold the guide of youth, At the Sabbath School: I'll away, &c.

4. May the dews of grace fill the hallow'd place,

And the sunshine never fail.

While each blooming rose which in mem-

ory grows,

Shall a sweet perfume exhale; When we mingle here no more, But have met on Jordan's shore, We will talk of moments o'er, At the Sabbath School: I'll away, &c.

To-day!

Tune.—Chide mildly the erring, G. Chain 56, Key of D.

1. Watch closely the pathway God marks for thee here, Be ready to cherish, E'er willing to cheer; Lift up by thy kindness,

The low trodden down. : Go weep with the mourners,

And brotherhood own. : |

2. Wait not for the future, Time's passing away,

Fill hours that are present, God calleth to-day ! As leaves in the autumn, Lie strewn all around,

: So, means to be useful Do ever abound. : ||

3. Grow nearer to Jesus, Trust always his love, He kindly will lead you, His grace you may prove: Avoid what is sinful,

And cleave to the true. : Obeying the Saviour

In all that you do. . Dr. C. R. Blackall.

## Sunday School Recruiting Song.

G. Chain, Key of A; also S. S. Hosanna 66.

I. To our dear Sabbath School there ought many to come,

Who spend Sunday wandering or trifling at home;

Yes, all that I can I'm determined to do. God meant all the people who live in this

To hear of his goodness and join in his praise;

So I'll try to bring one, or I'll try to bring

Yes, all that I can I'm determined to do.

2. Let me think: are there none of the dear ones at home,

The large or the little, who never have come?

Oh, I'll beg, and I'll coax, try for one, try for two,

Yes, all that I can I'm determined to do. My cousins and playmates, who live in this street,

I'll ask them to come, the next time that we meet:

Who knows but among them I'll get one or two?

For all that I can I'm determined to do.

3. Out there in the lot that I pass every day, How many spend Sunday in frolic or play! If I could but get one of those boys, now, or two,

To come here next Sabbath, what good it might do!

Perhaps up to heaven some day I may go; What glory and blessedness then I shall

But I want in that glory that many may share,

That one, two, yes, all I can take, may be there.



#### Sabbath Welcome.

Tune.—"Union Greeting." (See opposite page.)

1. Best of the seven! Oh, holy day,
I'hat lights the track of our young life's

way,

The day of praise and prayer;
We love the glory that marks thy morn,
We sing thy worth to the sad and worn,
Oppressed by toil and care.

CHORUS.—Oh! Cheerily, Cheerily, sing

we the strain,

Welcome thou Sabbath of rest!
Joyfully, Joyfully, welcome again,
Sabbath, dear Sabbath of rest!
Welcome! Welcome!
Welcome dear Sabbath of rest!

2. Turning from Earth's busy paths aside, We join in songs of the ONE who died, But rose on this glad day; Our hearts keep time to the music clear, Of Angels bright, in the heavenly sphere,

That never shall pass away! CHO.—Oh! Cheerily, &c.

3. Happy this day do we offerings bring, And pure the songs that with joy we sing. To him who reigns above;

We know that each in His love doth share, We know that each hath his tender care

That naught shall ever move. CHO.—Oh! Cheerily, &c.

Dr. C. R. Blackall.

#### The Morning Bells.

G. Chain 51, Key of A, S. S. Bell; No. 1—50.

1. Hark! the morning bells are ringing!
Children, haste without delay;
Prayers of thousands now are winging

Up to heaven their silent way. Сно.—Come, children, come! the bells

are ringing,
To the school with haste repair;
Let us all unite in singing,
All unite in solemn prayer.

 'Tis an hour of happy meeting, Children meet for praise and prayer;' But the hour is short and fleeting, Let us then be early there. CHO.—Come, children, come! &c.

3. Do not keep our teachers waiting, While you tarry by the way, Nor disturb the school reciting:
'Tis the holy Sabbath day,
CHO.—Come, children, come! &c.

4. Children, haste! the bells are ringing, And the morning's bright and fair; Thousands now unite in singing, Thousands, too, in solemn prayer. CHO.—Come, children, come! &c.

#### Forbid Them Not.

HAPPY VOICES 29; Key of B flat.

I. When many to the Saviour's feet
Their little children brought,
And from the source of blessedness
A Saviour's blessing sought;

To some who with mistaken zeal
The near approach forbade,
"Let little children come to me,"
The blessed Saviour said.

 "Forbid them not, nor harshly chida Their wish to see my face;
 For little children such as these My Father's kingdom grace."

Then, gather'd in his loving arms
And folded to his breast,

He pour'd a blessing all divine On every little guest.

3. Dear children, Jesus is the sam, Though now enthroned above; Ile waits to bless you, as of old, With his forgiving love.

He marks with joy each faint attempt
His favor to obtain,

And those who early seek his face Shall never seek in vain.

4. But sin prevents, and Satan strives
To keep you from his arms;
And to allure the soul away,
The world displays it charms.
But look to Jesus, for his power

Your foes can ne'er withstand; Let him but say, "Forbid them not," They'll fly at his command.

#### Come to the Sabbath School.

Tune—"There is a happy land;" Key of E flat.

1. Come to the Sabbath School, all chi'dren come;

Cheerful its pious rule, pleasant as home Leave rude and naughty plays, love an keep the holy days,

Come, learn to pray and praise in Sabbath School.

2. Come, where our teachers meet, faithful and true;

Come, learn the lessons sweet, ready for you;

Come, school will not be long; come, and join our happy throng;

Come, sing our pretty song in Sabbath School.

Oh, there's a school on high, where angels praise;

Joy beams in every eye, sweet strains they raise;

There seraph children sing anthems to our glorious King,

And crowns to Jesus bring,—blest Sabbath School.



Happy Greeting to All.

S. S. Bell, No. 1-17, Key of E flat; also Oriola 62, or G. Tidings 46. Come, children, and join in our festi-

val song,

And hail the sweet joys which this day brings along; We'll join our glad voices in one hymn of

praise

To God, who has kept us and lengthen'd our days.

CHORUS.—Happy greeting to all ! Happy greeting to all ! Happy greeting, happy 3. Patient, firm, and persevering, greeting, Happy greeting to all !

2. Our Father in heaven, we lift up to thee Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding, Our voice of thanksgiving, our glad jubilee; And in heaven's own time succeeding, Oh, bless us, and guide us, dear Saviour, we pray,

That from thy blest precepts we never may stray.

Chorus.—Happy greeting, &c.

3. And if, ere this glad year has drawn to a close,

repose,

Grant, Lord, that the spirit in heaven may dwell,

In the bosom of Jesus, where all shall be well.

Chorus.—Happy greeting, &c.

4. Kind teachers, we children would thank you this day

That faithfully, kindly, youv'e taught us the way

How we may escape from the world's sinful charms,

And find a safe refuge in the Saviour's loved arms. Chorus.—Happy greeting, &c.

5. Dear pastor, we ask thee, as lambs of 2. There's a choir of infant songsters, thy fold,

To teach us that wisdom more precious than gold;

Our footsteps to guide in the pathway of

To "love our Creator in the days of our youth." Chorus.—Happy greeting, &c.

#### God Speed the Right.

OLIVE BRANCH 75, Key of D; also G. Chain 8. 1. Now to heaven our prayer ascending, God speed the right! In a noble cause contending, God speed the right!

Be their zeal in heaven recorded With success on earth rewarded. God speed the right! God speed the right!

2. Be that prayer again repeated, God speed the right! Ne'er despairing, though defeated, God speed the right! Like the good and great in story,

If they fail, they fail with glory. God speed the right! God speed the right!

God speed the right! Ne'er the event or danger fearing, God speed the right!

God speed the right! God speed the right!

4. Still their onward course pursuing, God speed the right! Every foe at length subduing, God speed the right!

Truth, thy cause, whate'er delay it, Some loved one among us in death shall There's no power on earth can stay it. God speed the right! God speed the right !

## Who Shall Sing?

G. CHAIN 14, Key of G; also S. S. Bell, No. 34

Who shall sing, if not the children? Did not Jesus die for them? May they not with other jewels, Sparkle in his diadem? Why to them were voices given, Bird-like voices, sweet and clear, Why, unless the song of heaven They begin to practice here?

White-robed, round the Saviour's throne;

Angels cease, and, waiting, listen! Oh, 'tis sweeter than their own! Faith can hear the rapturous choral, When her ear is upward turn'd;

Is not this the same, perfected, Which upon the earth they learn'd!

3. Jesus, when on earth sojourning, Loved them with a wondrous love; And will he, to heaven returning, Faithless to his blessing prove?

Oh, they cannot sing to early! Fathers, stand not in their way! Birds do sing while day is breaking-Tell me, then, why should not they?



#### We are Little Sunbeams.

CHAPEL GEMS 78, Key of G.

1. We are little sunbeams, Shining and free, We are little sunbeams,

Happy are we;

No clouds our skies o'ercast, No storms are here, Our brightness e'er shall last,

We will not fear,

CHORUS.—We are little sunbeams,
Shining and free,
We are little sunbeams,
Happy are we.

2. We are little sunbeams,
Like those above,
We are little sunbeams,
Warming with love.
Into dark haunts of woe,
Sorrow and shame.
Swift may our bright beams go,
In Jesus' name.
CHO.—We are little sunbeams, &c.

3. We are little sunbeams,
With work to do,
We are little sunbeams,
May we be true.
Where Jesus led the way,

With footsteps sure,
There we may safely stay,
There are secure.

Сно.—We are little Sunbeams, &с. Dr. C. R. Blackall.

#### God is Love.

ORIOLA 117, Key of E flat; G. Tidings 58, H. Voices 42, S. S. Hosanna 99.

 Come, let us all unite and sing, God is love, God is love;
 While heav'n and earth their praises bring;

God is love.

Let ev'ry soul from sin awake,
Their harps now from the willows take,
And sing with me, for Jesus' sake,

God is love, God is love.

2. Oh, tell to earth's remotest bound,
God is love, God is love.

In Christ I have redemption found,

In Christ I have redemption found, God is love.

His blood has wash'd my sins away; His spirit turns my night to day; And now my soul with joy can say, God is love, God is love.

3. How happy is our portion here!
God is love, God is love.
His promises our spirits cheer,

God is love. He is our sun and shield by day, He will be with us all the way. God is love, God is love.

4. What though my heart and flesh shall fail?

God is love, God is love. Through Christ I shall o'er death prevail,

God is love.

Through Jordan's swell I will not fear;
My Jesus will be with me there,

My head above the waves to bear. God is love, God is love.

## Mary to the Saviour's Tomb.

Tune .- Martyn, Key of F.

I. Mary to the Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn;

Spice she brought, snd sweet perfume, But the Lord she loved, had gone. For a while she lingering stood, Fill'd with sorrow and surprise,

Trembling, while a crystal flood Issued from her weeping eyes.

2. But her sorrows quickly fled
When she heard his welcome voice:
Christ had risen from the dead;

Now he bids her heart rejoice: What a change his word can make, Turning darkness into day! Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,

He will wipe your tears away.

## A Light in the Window.

G. Chain 88, Key of A flat; also Pil. Songs, 46.
 There's a light in the window for thee, brother,

There's a light in the window for thee; A dear one has moved to the mansions

above,

There's a light in the window for thee. CHORUS.—A mansion in heaven we see, And a light in the window for thee; A mansion in heaven we see, And a light in the window for thee.

2. There's a crown, and a robe, and a palm, brother.

When from toil and from care you are free,

The Saviour has gone to prepare you a home,

With a light in the window for thee. CHO.—A mansion in heaven we see, &c.

3. O, watch, and be faithful, and pray,

brother,
All your journey o'er life's troubled sea;

Though afflictions assail you, and storms beat severe,

There's a light in the window for thee.

CHO.—A mansion in heaven we see, &c.



#### I Want to be Like Jesus.

S. S. Bell No. 1-32, Key of E flat.

 I want to be like Jesns, So lowly and so meek;

For no one mark'd an angry word That ever heard him speak.

I want to be like Jesus, So frequently in prayer; Alone upon the mountain-top He met his Father there.

I want to be like Jesus; I never, never find That he, though persecuted, was

To any one unkind. I want to be like Jesus,

Engaged in doing good, So that of me it may be said, "She hath done what she could."

3. I want to be like Jesus, So lowly and so meek; For no one mark'd an angry word That ever heard him speak. Alas! I'm not like Jesus, As any one may see; O gentle Saviour, send thy grace,

## And make me like to thee. Jesus Paid it All.

U CENSER 12, Key of G; also Glad Tidings 8, or Musical Leaves 22, or Casket 9.

1. Nothing, either great or small, Remains for me to do; Jesus died, and paid it all,— Yes, all the debt I owe. CHORUS.—Jesus paid it all, All the debt I owe, Jesus died, and paid it all, Yes, all the debt I owe.

2. When he from his lofty throne Stoop'd down to do and die, Every thing was fully done, "'Tis finish'd!" was his cry. CHO.—Jesus paid it all, &c.

3. Weary, working, plodding one, Oh, wherefore toil you so? Cease your doing,-all was done, Yes, ages long ago. Сно.—Jesus paid it all, &с.

4. Till to Jesus' work you cling Alone by simple faith, "Doing" is a deadly thing, Your "doing" ends in death. Сно.—Jesus paid it all, &с.

5. Cast your deadly "doing" down, Down, all at Jesus' feet; Stand in Him, in Him alone, All glorious and complete. CHO.- Jesus paid it all, &c.

#### Dare to do Right, &c.

G. Censer 8, Key of E; also Casket 14, Diadem

 Dare to do right, dare to be true, You have a work that no other can do; Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well, Angels will hasten the story to tell. Сно.—Dare, dare, dare to do right! Dare, dare, dare to be true! Dare to be true, dare to be true!

2. Dare to do right, dare to be true, Other men's failures can never save you: Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith;
Stand like a hero, and battle till death.

Сно.—Dare to do right, &c.

3. Dare to do right, dare to be true, God, who created you, cares for you too, Treasures the tears that his striving ones

Counts and protects every hair of your head.

Сно.—Dare to do right, &c.

4. Dare to do right, dare to be true; Keep the great judgment-seat always in

Look at your work'as you'll look at it then, Scann'd by Jehovah, and angels, and men. Сно.—Dare to do right, &c.

5. Dare to do right, dare to be true, lesus, your Saviour, will carry you through; City, and mansion, and throne all in sight, Can you not dare to be true and do right? Сно.—Dare to do right, &c.

Rev. J. L. Taylor.

## Little Sunbeams Parting Song.

CHAPEL GEMS 80, Key of A flat.

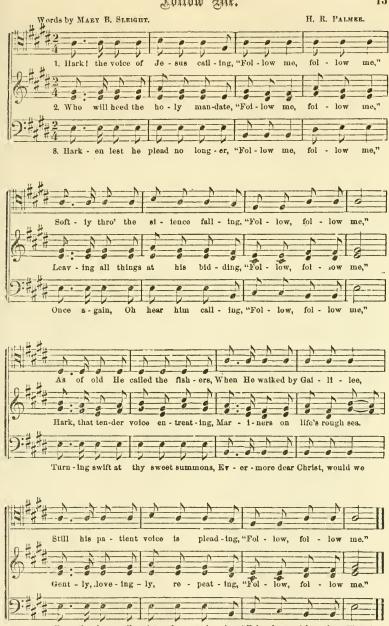
1. Little sunbeams we'll away From our Sabbath School to-day, Hearts with love are bounding free, Happier than birds are we. Сно.—Teachers dear, a sweet good-bye,

As we leave you for our homes, Teachers dear, a sweet good-bye, Till another Sabbath comes.

2. When the bells again shall call, May our little sunbeams all, Here in joy together meet, Teachers, scholars, all to greet. Сно.—Teachers dear, &c.

3. When our days on earth are o'er And we reach the golden shore, May each little sunbeam shine, Brighter still, in light divine. Сно.—Teachers, dear, &c.

Dr. C. R. Blackall.



For thy love all eise for - sak - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low Thee."

## My Heavenly Home is Bright, &c.

G. Chiser 18, Key of F; also Oriola 28, Casket 106, H. Voices 227.

I. My heav'nly home is bright and fair, We'll be gather'd home,

No pain nor death can enter there, We'll be gather'd home.

CHORUS—We'll wait till Jesus comes, We'll wait till Jesus comes, We'll wait till Jesus comes, And we'll be gather'd home.

2. Its glittering towers the sun outshine,

We'll be gather'd home,

That heavenly mansion shall be mine, We'll be gather'd home. CHO.—We'll wait till Jesus comes, &c.

3. Let others seek a home below, We'll be gather'd home,

Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,

We'll be gather'd home. CHO.—We'll wait till Jesus comes, &c.

4 Be mine the happier lot to own, We'll be gather'd home,

A heavenly mansion near the throne, We'll be gather'd home. CHO.—We'll wait till Jesus comes, &c.

5. Then fail this earth, let stars decline,

We'll be gather'd home,

And sun and moon refuse to shine,
We'll be gather'd home.
CHO.—We'll wait till Jesus comes, &c.

6. All nature sink and cease to be, We'll be gather'd home,

That heavenly mansion stands for me, We'll be gather'd home. CHO.—We'll wait till Jesus comes, &c.

#### Would You be as Angels Are.

S. S. Bell No. 1-16, Key of G.

I. Would you be as angels are, Sing, sing, sing his praise; Would you banish every care, Sing, sing, sing his praise; Like the lark upon the wing, Like the warbling bird of spring, Like the crystal spheres that ring. Sing, sing, sing his praise.

2. If the world upon you frown, Sing, sing, sing his praise; If you're left to sing alone,

Sing, sing, sing his praise;
If sad trials come to you,
As to every one they do,
For that they are blessings too,
Sing, sing, sing his praise.

3. For his wondrous, dying love, Sing, sing, sing his praise; That he intercedes above, Sing, sing, sing his praise Thus whene'er you come to die,

You shall soar beyond the sky, And, with angel choirs on high, Sing, sing, sing his praise.

#### How Sweet is the Sabbath to Me

S. S. Hosanna 108, Key of G; also Oriola 90, H. Voices 206.

 How sweet is the Sabbath to me, The day when the Saviour arose!
 Tis heaven his beauties to see,

And in his soft arms to repose.
He knows I am weak and defiled,
My life is but empty and vain;
But if he will make me his child,
I'll never forsake him again.

2. This day he invites me to come:
How kindly he bids me draw near!
He offers me heaven for home,
And wipes off the penitent tear:
He offers to pardon my sin,

And keep me from every snare, To sprinkle and cleanse me within, And show me his tenderest care.

3. I cannot, I must not refuse;
His goodness has conquer'd my heart;
The Lord for my portion I choose,
And bid all my folly depart.
How sweet is the Sabbath to me,
The day my Redeemer arose!
'Tis heaven his beauties to see,

Don't You Hear the Angels, &c.

S. S. BELL No. 2-6, Key of G.

And in his soft arms to repose.

 Holy angels in their flight, Traverse over earth and sky,
 Acts of kindness their delight, Winged with mercy as they fly.

Cно.—Don't you hear them? coming over hill and plain,

Scattering music in their heavenly train!
Oh! don't you hear the angels coming,
singing as they come?
Oh! bear me angels, angels bear me home.

2. Tho' their forms we cannot see,
They attend and guard our way,
Till we join their company
In the fields of heavenly day.
CHO.—Don't you hear, &c.

3. Had we but an angel's wing, And an angel's heart of flame, Oh! how sweetly would we ring Thro' the world the Saviour's name CHO.—Don't you hear, &c.

4. Yet methinks if I should die,
And become an angel too,

I, perhaps, like them might fly, And the Saviour's bidding do. CHO.—Don't you hear, &c.



#### Dear Sabbath School.

G. CHAIN 94, Key of E flat; also Diadem 12, or Oriola 64.

 Yes, dear Sabbath School, I love thee: Here I meet with friends most dear;

None to scorn or feel above me, None to dread with slavish fear: And the teachers,

And the teachers, Kindly all my lessons hear; And the teachers,

And the teachers, Kindly all my lessons hear.

2. Here I learn of richer treasures Than the mines of earth afford; Earthly friends and earthly pleasures Shall not keep me from the Lord: Precious lessons Here are spoken from his word.

3. Yet my heart is filled with wonder: Parents, teachers, can you tell Why neglected many wander, When so near the school they dwell? Oh, invite them:

They will love the school so well.

4. I will go and tell those children There is room for them and me; And to school will straightway bring them, If persuaded, they will be: I am thankful

That my friends invited me.

#### Heme.

Tune.-" Sweet Home," Key of E flat; also S. S. Hosanna 26.

 Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,

How sweet to my soul is communion with saints,-

To find at the banquet of Mercy there's

And feel in the presence of Jesus at home! CHORUS.—Home, home! sweet, sweet 4. Pass me not, O mighty Spirit, home !

Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

2. Sweet bonds, that unite all the children of peace,

And thrice-precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!

Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,

I long to behold thee in glory at home. CHO.—Home, home, &c.

Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;

Though now my temptation like billows may foam,

All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at home.

Сно.—Home, home, &c.

4. While here in the valley of conflict I

Oh, give me submission and strength as my day;

In all my afflictions to thee would I come, Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home. CHO.—Home, home, &c.

5. Whate'er thou deniest, oh, give me thy

The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;

Endue me with patience to wait at thy throne

And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

Сно.—Home, home, &c.

#### "Even Me."

G. Shower 83, Key of A flat; also P. Songs 75, of Glad Tidings 84.

 Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessings Thou art scattering full and free, Show'rs the thirsty land refreshing, Let some droppings fall on me,-Even me, even me, Let some droppings fall on me.

2. Pass me not, O God, my Father, -Sinful though my heart may be; Thou might'st leave me, but the rather Let the mercy light on me,-Even me, &c.

3. Pass me not, O gracious Saviour, Let me live and cling to thee Fain I'm longing for thy favor; Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me,-Even me, &c.

Thou canst make the blind to see: Witnesses of Jesus' merit, Speak the word of power to me,-Even me, &c.

5. Love of God, so pure and changeless; Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so rich and boundless, Magnify it all in me,-Even me, &c.

6. Pass me not, thy lost one bringing; Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee; I sigh from this body of sin to be free, Whilst the streams of life are springing, Blessing others, oh, bless me,-Even me, &c.

H. R. PALMER. Words by DR. C. R. BLACKALL. 1. Glowing bright and pleasant is the ho-ly day,
2. Happy bells are ring-ing, calling us a-way, When from world-ly With their mer - ry Joyous hearts are greeting, each to each to-day, Blest be - youd all oth - ers with their work or play, "Come and join the sing - ing, haste without delay, And with voi - ces mingling, here we praise and pray, we o - bey, Refrain. Sab - bath day. ho - ly Sab - bath day. precious morn ing, this ho - ly Sab - bath day.

#### Pleasant is the Sabbath Bell.

§ S. Bell, No. 1—60, Key of G; also G. Chain 43, Oriola, 219, S. S. Hosanna, 24.

43, Oriola, 219, S. S. Rosanna, 24
I. Pleasant is the Sabbath bell,
In the light, in the light,
Seeming much of joy to tell,
In the light of God.
But a music sweeter far,
In the light, in the light.

In the light, in the light,
Breathes where angel spirits are,
In the light of God.

CHORUS.—Let us walk in the light,
Walk in the light,
Let us walk in the light,
In the light of God.

2. Shall we ever rise to dwell,
In the light, in the light,
Where immortal praises swell,
In the light of God?
And can children ever go,
In the light, in the light,
Where eternal Sabbaths glow,
In the light of God?
CHO.—Let us walk, &c.

3. Yes, that bliss our own may be,
In the light, in the light,
All the good shall Jesus see,
In the light of God.
For the good a rest remains,
In the light, in the light,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns,
In the light of God.
CHO.—Let us walk, &c.

## I Want to be an Angel.

S. S. Bell. No. 1-32, Key of E flat; also Oriola 140, S. S. Hosanna 120.

 I want to be an angel, And with the angels stand,
 A crown upon my forehead, A harp within my hand:
 There, right before my Saviour, So glorious and so bright,
 I'd wake the sweetest music, And praise him day and night,

2. I never would be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear;
But, blessed, pure, and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousands
Praise him both day and night.

3. I know I'm weak and sinful, But Jesus will forgive; For many little children Have gone to heaven to live. Dear Saviour, when I languish, And lay me down to die, Oh, send a shining angel To bear me to the sky.

4 Oh, there I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
And there, before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heavenly music,
And praise him day and night

#### I Now Believe.

G. CENSER 97, Key of G; also H. Voices 96, or G Tidings 86.

1. There is a fountain, fill'd with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
Chopus — I now believe I do believe

CHORUS.—I now believe, I do believe
That Jesus died for me;
That on the cross he shed his blood

That on the cross he shed his blood, From sin to set me free.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day,
 And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.
 Cho.—I now believe, I do believe, &c.

3. Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God

Are saved, to sin no more. CHO.—I now believe, I do believe, &c.

4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be dill I die.

Cно.—I now believe, I do believe, &с.

5. Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering
tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

# Cross and Crown.

G. Chain 85, Key of B flat; also H. Voices 801 New G. Chain 85.

 Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free?
 No: there's a cross for every one, And there's a cross for me.

 How happy are the saints above, Who once went sorrowing here!
 But now they taste unmingled love, And joy without a tear.

The consecrated cross I'll bear,
 Till death shall set me free,
 And then go home, my crown to wear,—
 For there's a crown for me,

Words by Miss M. B. SLEIGHT

Music by J. A. BUTTERFIELD.



#### This Life is a Battle, &c.

H. VOICES 179, Key of C; also G. Chain 82.

I. This life is a battle 'gainst Satan and sin.

And we are the soldiers the vict'ry to win, And Christ is the Captain of our little

Whatever opposes, for him we will stand. CHORUS.—Then stand up for Jesus, whatever befall;

On Calvary's mountain he stood for us all; Then stand up for Jesus, stand up for Jesus,

Stand up for Jesus, for Jesus.

z. To God for our armor we'll fail not to

He'll clothe us with truth and with righteousness too;

The "gospel of peace" shall our footsteps attend,

And the "good shield of faith" from all harm shall defend.

CHO.—Then stand up for Jesus, &c.

Salvation our helmet, the Bible our sword,

Though wily our foes, we are "strong in the Lord;"

While watching and praying our armor keeps bright,

Our Jesus will help us to stand for the right.

CHO.—Then stand up for Jesus, &c.

4. Though little temptations—the worst ones of all—
Will often beset us to make us to fail,

We'll stand up for Jesus; and, when life is o'er,

For us he'll be standing on Jordan's bright

shore. CHO.—Then stand up for Jesus, &c.

#### Kind Words Can Never Die.

S. S. Bell No. 1-24, Key of E flat; also S. S. Hosanna 86.

I. Kind words can never die:
Heaven gave them birth;
Wing'd with a smile, they fly
All o'er the earth.
Kind words the angels brought,
Kind words our Saviour taught:—
Sweet melodies of thought!
Who knows their worth?
Kind words can never die, &c.

Kind deeds can never die:
 Though weak and small,
 From his bright throne on high
 God sees them all;
 He doth reward with love
 All those who faithful prove;

Round them, where'er they move, Rich blessings fall. Kind deeds can never die, &c.

3. God's word can never die;
Though fallen man
Oft dares its truth deny,—
Dares it in vain.
God's word alone is pure
His promises are sure;
Trust him, and rest secure
Heaven you shall gain.
God's word can never die, &c.

4. Our souls can never die: God's word we trust;
He to our bodies said, "Dust unto dust."
Saviour, our souls prepare
Thy happy home to share;
Us to thy mansions bear
When life is past.
Our souls can never die, &c.

## When Shall we Meet Again.

Unity in S. S. Hosanna 80, Key of E flat; also H. Voices 147.

r. When shall we meet again, Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreathe her chain Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows
In this dark vale of woes,
Never,—no, never.

2. When shall love freely flow, Pure as life's river? When shall sweet friendship glow Changeless forever, Where joys celestial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of parting chill Never,—no, never?

3. Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour!
May we all there unite,
Happy forever!
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never,—no, never.

4. Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever;
Our hearts will then repose,
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never,—no, never.



#### Climbing up Zion's Hill.

STINGING PILGRIM 24, Key of F; also G. Ceuser 44, G. Tidings 122, Musical Leaves 24.

I. "I'm trying to climb up Zion's Hill," For the Saviour whispers, "Love me;" Tho' all beneath is dark as death, Yet the stars are bright above me.

Then upward still to Zion's hill, To the land of joy and beauty,

My path before, shines more and more, As it nears the golden city.

CHORUS.—I'm climbing up Zion's hill, I'm climbing up Zion's hill, Climbing, climbing up Zion's I. One there is above all others

2. I know I'm but a little child, My strength will not protect me; But then I am the Saviour's lamb, And he will not neglect me. Then all the time I'll try to climb This holy hill of Zion;

For I am sure the way is pure, And on it comes "no lion."

Сно.—I'm climbing up, &c.

3. Then come with me, we'll upward go, And climb this hill together: And as we walk, we'll sweetly talk, And sing as we go thither. Then mount up still God's holy hill, Till we reach the pearly portals, Where raptured tongues proclaim the

songs Of the shining-robed immortals. Сно.—I'm climbing up, &c.

#### Beautiful River.

HAPPY VOICES 220, Key of E flat.

1. Shall we gather at the river Where bright angel feet have trod, With its crystal tide forever Flowing by the throne of God? CHORUS.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, The beautiful, the beautiful river. Gather with the saints at the river That flows by the throne of God.

2. On the margin of the river, Washing up its silver spray, We will walk and worship ever, All the happy, golden day. Сно.—Yes, we'll gather, &c.

3. Ere we reach the shining river, Lay we every burden down; Grace our spirits will deliver, And provide a robe and crown. Сно.—Yes, we'll gather, &c.

. At the smiling of the river, Mirror of the Saviour's face, Saints whom death will never sever. Lift their songs of saving grace. Сно.—Yes, we'll gather, &с.

5. Soon we'll reach the silver river, Soon our pilgrimage will cease; Soon our happy hearts will quiver With the melody of peace. CHO.—Yes, we'll gather, &c.

#### One There is Above All Others.

Song Queen 19, Key of D; also S. S. Hosanna 122, or H. Voices 66.

Well deserves the name of Friend; His is love beyond a brother's, Costly, free, and knows no end.

2. Which of all our friends, to save us. Could or would have shed his blood? But this Saviour died to have us Reconciled, in him, to God.

3. When he lived on earth abased. Friend of sinners was his name; Now, above all glory raised, He rejoices in the same.

4. Oh for grace our hearts to soften! Teach us, Lord, at length to love; We, alas! forget too often What a Friend we have above.

#### The Happy Land.

S. S. Bell No. 1-31, Key of E flat; also 3 et Hosanna 63, Happy Voices 1.

1. There is a happy land, Far, far away; Where saints in glory stand, Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweetly sing, Worthy is the Saviour King, Loud let his praises ring, Praise, praise for aye!

2. Come to that happy land, Come, come away; Why will ye doubting stand. Why still delay? Oh, we shall happy be When, from sin and sorrow is ce Lord, we shall live with thee, Blest, blest for aye.

3. Bright in that happy land Beams every eye Kept by a Father's hand, Love cannot die. Oh, then, to glory run, Be a crown and kingdom won, And bright above the sun We'll reign for aye.



#### Do Good.

G. CENSER 38, Key of D.

A way where there's ever a will, Don't wait till to-morrow, but do it to-

And to-day, when the morrow comes,

still.

(Repeat first Stanza as Chorus.)

2. God careth for all, and his glorious sun Shines alike on the rich and the poor; Be thou like Him, and bless every one, And thou'lt be rewarded sure. Cно.—Do good, &c.

Do good! do good! we are never too Tunc.—"I Want to be an Angel." S. S. Bell No young

To be useful in many a way;

For all have a heart, and a hand, and a

To feel, and to labor, and pray. Сно.—Do good, &c.

4. If we have but a moment, that moment employ,

To pluck the young brands from the flame;

We may change their deep guilt to a Christian's full joy,

And save them for ever from shame. Cно.—Do good, &c.

5. What joy, what joy will the least of us

When called to our father's abode, To find that beside us in glory there stands Those whom we first placed on the road! 3. I want to LIVE like Jesus,

Сно.—Do good, &c.} 6. Then seek in the highways and byways

of earth,

And bring in the lowly to feast: Remember, in heaven the greatest may be The one who on earth was the least. Сно.—Do good, &c.

Sweet Story.

ORIOLA 133, Key of D.

I. I think when I read that sweet story of My robe so pure and spotless, old,

When Jesus was here among men,

How he call'd little children as lambs to his fold,

on my head, That his arm had been thrown around

And that I might have seen his kind look when he said, "Let the little ones come unto me."

3. Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may

And ask for a share in his love; I. Do good! do good! there's ever a way, And if I thus earnestly, seek him below, I shall see him and hear him above.

> 4. In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare

> For all who are wash'd and forgiven: And many dear children are gathering there,

" For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

#### The Child's Desire.

I. I want to BE like Jesus, All gentle, pure, and mild, His seal upon my forehead, And owned as His dear child; My heart, so weak and sinful, All changed by grace divine, And all my life to serve Him, And ever call Him mine!

2. I want to DO like Jesus,-To mark each passing day With deeds of love and mercy, Or cheer some lonely way, Speak gentle words of counsel, Avoid e'en secret sin, And to my precious Saviour, The lost ones seek to win.

Whose words with love were fraught; I want to find His favor, By Him be truly taught:

Oh! then I'm sure that ever, His hand will guide me on, Until the Heavenly portals, And Glory, shall be won!

4. There I shall REIGN with Jesus. And see Him face to face.— There, in His love forever, Shall triumph through His grace; My harp and crown so bright, I shall through endless ages, His praises sing aright!

I should like to have been with them 5. Oh! MAKE me, then, like Jesus, My Father, God, above, 2, I wish that his hands had been placed And change my heart so sinful-Oh! change it by Thy love! Then I shall live like Jesus, Be gentle, pure, and mild, And with Him reign forever, And be for aye his child!

Dr. C. R. Blackett



\*From "Chapel Gems," by permission of Root & Cadt.

Here we Throng, &c.
S. S. Bell No. 1—22, Key of E flat.
1. Here we throng to praise the Lord;

Listen now, listen now,
Here we throng to praise the Lord,
With our infant lays.
He who once lay in a manger,
Now enthroned, our blest Redeemer,
With a father's love has said,

He'd accept our praise.

Christ forgets us not!

2. "Let young children come to me,"
Jesus said, Jesus said;
"Let young children come to me,
And forbid them not—
For of such," the Saviour told them,
"Is composed my heavenly kingdom."
What a rapturous thought it is,

3. Let us love, and now adore;
Love him now, love him now,
Let us love, and now adore,
In our youthful strength.
Let us never grieve our Saviour,
Who hath died to win us favor—
Ah! this thought should melt our hearts—
Children's hearts can melt.

4. But we'll have a joyous song, Joyous song, joyous song; But we'll have a joyous song For our jubilee.
Jesus lives and reigns for ever; This will make us joyous ever. Saviour, hear this praise to thee, Who remembered me.

## The Sunday School Army.

S. S. BELL No. 1-29, Key of G.

I. O, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
O, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend,
He will give you grace to conquer,
He will give you grace to conquer,
And keep you to the end.
CHORUS.—I am glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,

Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army, Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army, And I'll battle for the school.

2. Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win,
Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win;
For the Saviour is your Captain,
For the Saviour is your Captain,
And he hath vanquished sin,
CHO.—I am glad I'm in, &c.

3. And when the conflict's over, Before him you shall stand; And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand;
You shall sing his praise for ever,
You shall sing his praise for ever,
In Canaan's happy land.

#### I Have a Father, &c

S. S. Bell No. 1—4, Key of E flat.

1. I have a Father in the promised land,
I have a Father in the promised land,
My Father calls me, I must go
To meet Him in the promised land,
CHORUS,—I'll away, I'll away to the promised land,

I'll away, I'll away to the promised land, My Father calls me, I must go To meet Him in the promised land.

I have a Saviour in the promised land,
 I have a Saviour in the promised land,
 My Saviour calls me, I must go
 To meet Him in the promised land,
 CHO.—I'll away, I'll away to the. &c.

3. I have a crown in the promised band, I have a crown in the promised land, When Jesus calls me, I must go To wear it in the promised land. CHO.—I'll away, I'll away to the, &c.

#### The Land of Canaan.

S. S. BELL No. 1-14, Key of F.

Together let us sweetly live,
 I am bound for the land of Canaan;
 Together let us sweetly die,
 I am bound for the land of Canaan.

CHORUS.—O Canaan, bright Canaan, I am bound for the land of Canaan; O Canaan, is my happy home, I am bound for the land of Canaan.

2. If you get there before I do,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
Then praise the Lord, I'm coming too,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
CHO.— Caraan, &c.

3. Part of my friends in Frize have won, I am bound for the land of Canaan; And I'm resolved to travel on, I am bound for the land of Canaan, CHO.—O Canaan, &c.

4. Then come with me, beloved friend, I am bound for the land of Canaan; The joys of heaven shall never end, I am bound for the land of Canaan CHO.—O Canaan, &c.

5. Our songs of praise shall fill the saies, I am bound for the land of Canaan; While higher still our joys they rise, I am bound for the land of Canaan, CHO,—O Canaan, &C,

-



Beau - ti - ful beau - ti -

home.

#### Charity.

S. S. Bell No. 1—111, Key of E flat.

Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the "blessed three:"
Furning sadness into gladness,
Heav'n born art thou, Charity.
Pity reigneth in thy bosom,
Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart,
Gentle thoughts alone can sway thee,

Judgment hath in thee no part.

Hoping ever, failing never,
Tho' deceived, believing still;
Long abiding, all confiding,
To thy heavenly Father's will.

Never weary of well-doing,
Never fearful of the end,

Never heary of wen-doing, Never fearful of the end, Claiming all mankind as brothers, Thou dost all mankind befriend,

### Little Drops of Water.

S. S. BELL No. r-21, Key of C.

- Little drops of water, Little grains of sand, Make the mighty ocean, And the beauteous land.
- And the little moments, Humble tho' they be,
   Make the mighty ages Of eternity.
- 3. So our little errors
  Lead the soul away
  From the paths of virtue
  Oft in sin to stray.
- 4. Little deeds of kindness, Little words of love, Make our earth an Eden Like the heaven above.
- 5 Little seeds of mercy, Sown by youthful hands, Grow to bless the nations, Far in heathen lands.

# Saviour Like a Shepherd, &c. sicilian Hymn, Key of D; also G. Chain 94, G. Harp 100.

I. Saviour, like a shepherd lead us:

Much we need thy tender care;

In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus!

Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

We are thine: do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
 Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus!
 Hear young children when they pray.

3. Thou hast promised to receive us, Poor and sinful though we be; Thou hast mercy to relieve us, Grace to cleanse, and power to free. Blessed Jesus!
Let us early turn to thee,

4. Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
With thy grace our bosom fill,
Blessed Jesus!
Thou hast loved us, love us still,

#### Infant Class Song.

Tune.—"Feed my Lambs," Chapel Gems 94, Key of B flat.

Jesus loved the little children,
When he dwelt on earth below
In his arms he took them gently,
And a blessing did bestow;
He doth love us, too, his children,
We may all his blessing share,
If we heed him and obey him,
He will give us tenderest care.

CHANT, Key of E flat.

"Come to me,"—his | voice is | calling,—¶
"Freely come, ye | need not | fear !"
We have come, dear Saviour, pleading,
Hear, oh, hear, the | infant's | prayer:

Jesus, be our | Shepherd, | guide us,||
Keep us in thine | arms of | love||
Safe from all of sin defend us,
Bring us to thy | home a | bove.
Amen.

Dr. C. R. Blackall.

### Call to Praise.

S. S. Bell, No. 1-60, Key of G; also G. Chain 43

I. Children of the heavenly King,
In the light, in the light,
As we journey, sweetly sing,
In the light of God;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
In the light, in the light,
Glorious in his works and ways,
In the light of God.
CHO.—Let us walk, &c.

2. We are traveling home to God,
In the light, in the light,
In the way our fathers trod.
In the light of God;
They are happy now, and we,
In the light, in the light,
Soon their happiness shall see,
In the light of God.
CHO.—Let us walk, &c.



#### We are out on the Ocean.

OLIVE BRANCH 284, Key of E flat; also G. Chain 87, S. S. Hosanna 56, Oriola 98.

 We are out on an ocean sailing; .Homeward bound we smoothly glide; We are out on an ocean, sailing To a home beyond the tide.

CHORUS.—All the storms will soon be

Then we'll anchor in the harbor; We are out on an ocean, sailing To a home beyond the tide.

2. Millions now are safely landed Over on the golden shore; Millions more are on their journey, Yet there's room for millions more. CHO.—All the storms, &c.

3. Come on board, oh, ship for glory, Be in haste, make up your mind, For our vessel's weighing anchor, And you may be left behind. CHO.—All the storms, &c.

4. When we all are safely anchor'd, We will shout our journey o'er, We will walk about the city And will sing for evermore.

Сно.—All the storms, &c.

#### Oh, Come, Let us Sing.

S. S. Bell No. 1-1. Key of D; also Oriola 210.

I. Oh, come, let us sing, Our youthful hearts now swelling, To God above, a God of love,-Oh, come, let us sing! Our joyful spirits glad and free, With high emotions rise to thee In heavenly melody,-

Oh, come, let us sing!

2. The full notes prolong, Our festal celebrating, We hail the day with cheerful lay,

And full notes prolong, Both cheerful youth and silvery age, And childhood pure, the gay, the sage, These thrilling scenes engage

Full notes to prolong.

Oh, swell, swell the song, His praises oft repeating:

His Son he gave our souls to save,-Oh, swell, swell the song.

The humble heart's devotion bring, Whence gushing streams of love do spring, And make the welkin ring

With sweet-swelling song. 4. We'll chant, chant his praise,

Our lofty strains now blending, A tribute bring to Christ our king, Und chant, chant his praise! Our Saviour Prince was crucified.

"'Tis finish'd!" then he meekly cried, And bow'd his head and died,

Then chant, chant his praise!

#### 66 Just Now. 99

G. CENSER 70, Key of F; also Casket 69.

 Come to Jesus just now, &c. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28.

2. He will save you just now, &c. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—Acts 16: 31.

Oh, believe him just now, &c. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John

4. He is able.

"He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for us."—Heb. 7: 25.

5. He is willing.
"The Lord is long-suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all, should come to repentance."—2 Pet. 3: 9.

6. He'll receive you. "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."-John 6: 37.

7. Then flee to Jesus. "Flee from the wrath to come."-Matt. 3: 7.

Call unto him. "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."—Acts 2: 21.

9. Mercy on me. "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me." Mark 10: 47.

#### The Sunday School.

G. Chain 4, Key of G; also G. Tidings 123, Happy Voices 97, Oriola 144.

I. The Sunday School, that blessed place! Oh, I would rather stay

Within its walls, a child of grace, Than spend my hours in play.

The Sunday School, the Sunday School, Oh, 'tis the place I love,

For there I learn the golden rule Which leads to joys above.

2. 'Tis there I learn that Jesus died For sinners such as I;

Oh, what has all the world beside, That I should prize so high? The Sunday School, &c.

3. Then let our grateful tribute rise, And songs of praise be given,

To Him who dwells above the skies, For such a blessing given, The Sunday School, &c.

4. And welcome, then, the Sunday School! We'll read, and sing, and pray,

That we may keep the golden rule, And never from it stray.

The Sunday School, &c.



#### Where, 0 Where, are the, &c. Oriola 236, Key of F.

1. Where, O where, are the Hebrew children-

Where, O where, are the Hebrew children, Who were cast in the furnace of fire? Safe now in the promised land.

CHO.—By and by we'll go home to meet

By and by we'll go home to meet them, By and by we'll go home to meet them, 'Way o'er in the promised land.

2. Where, O where, is the good Elijah, Where, O where, is the good Elijah, Who went up in a chariot of fire? Safe now in the promised land. Сно.—By and by, &с.

3. Where, O where is the prophet Daniel-Where, O where is the prophet Daniel, Who was cast in the den of lions? Safe now in the promised land. Сно.—Ву and by, &c.

4. Where, O where is the weeping Mary-Where, O where is the weeping Mary, Who was first at the tomb of Jesus? Safe now in the promised land. Сно.—By and by, &c.?

5. Where, O where is the martyred Stephen-

Where, O where is the martyred Stephen, I. Come, thou Fount of every blessing, Who was stoned for his love to Jesus? Safe now in the promised land. Сно.—By and by, &c.

6. Where, O where is the blessed Jesus, Where, O where is the blessed Jesus, Who was pierced on the mount of Calvary?

Safe now in the promised land. Сно.—By and by, &c.

#### Marching Along.

G. CHAIN 112, Key of C; also S. S. Hosanna 162, Shining Star 80.

I. The children are gath'ring from near and from far,

The trumpet is sounding the call for the war,

The conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and

along. CHORUS.

Marching along, we are marching along, Gird on the armor and be marching along, 5. Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,-The conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and

Then gird on the armor and be marching along.

2. The foe is before us in battle array, But let us not waver nor turn from the way:

The Lord is our strength, be this ever our song,

With courage and faith we are marching along.

CHO.—Marching along, &c.

We've 'listed for life, and will camp on the field,

With Christ as our Captain we never will

yield; The "sword of the Spirit," both trusty and strong,

We'll hold in our hands as we're marching along.

Сно.—Marching along, &c.

4. Through conflicts and trials our crowns we must win,

For here we contend 'gainst temptation and sin.

But one thing assures us, we cannot go wrong,

If trusting our Saviour, while marching along,

Сно.—Marching along, &c. R. P. Clark.

#### Come Thou Fount, &c.

G. CENSER 101, Key of E.

Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise; CHORUS.—I love Jesus, hallelujah,

I love Jesus, yes, I do, I do love Jesus; he's my Saviour, Jesus smiles and loves me too.

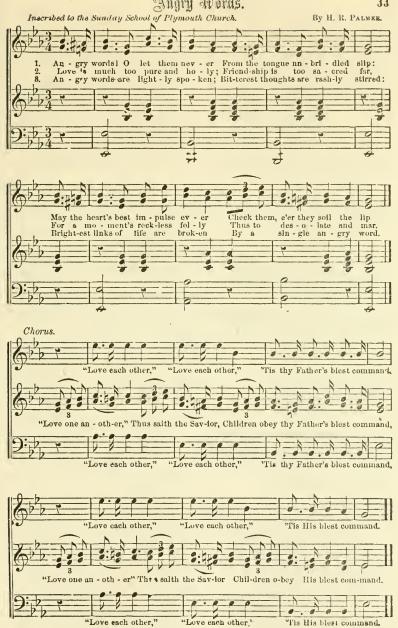
2. Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above; Praise the mount,—I'm fix'd upon it,— Mount of God's unchanging love. Сно.—I love Jesus, &с.

3. Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God: He, to rescue me from danger Interposed his precious blood. Сно.—I love Jesus, &c.

4. Oh, to grace how great a debtor Daily I'm constrain'd to be! We'll gird on our armor and be marching Let that grace now, like a fetter, Bind my wandering soul to thee: CHO.—I love Jesus, &c.

> Prone to leave the God I love; Here's my heart,—oh, take and seal it. Seal it from thy courts above.

CHO.—I love Jesus, &c.



# Say Brothers Will You Meet Us.

S. S. HOSANNA 13, Key of B flat.

1. Say, brothers, will you meet us, Say, brothers, will you meet us, Say, brothers, will you meet us, On Canaan's happy shore? Cohrus.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, Glory, glory, hallelujah, Glory, glory, hallelujah, For ever, evermore.

2. By the grace of God, we'll meet you, By the grace of God, we'll meet you, By the grace of God, we'll meet you, On Canaan's happy shore. Сно.—Glory, &c.

Jesus lives and reigns forever, lesus lives and reigns forever, Jesus lives and reigns forever, On Canaan's happy shore. Сно.—Glory, &c.

4. Thus we'll tell the wondrous story, Thus we'll tell the wondrous story, Thus we'll tell the wondrous story, On Canaan's happy shore. Сно.—Glory, &с.

5. "Souls redeem'd and sins forgiven," "Souls redeem'd and sins forgiven," "Souls redeem'd and sins forgiven," On Canaan's happy shore. Сно.—Glory, &c.

6. Glory in the highest glory, Glory in the highest glory, Glory in the highest glory, On Canaan's happy shore. Сно.-Glory, &c.

# We are Coming, Blessed Saviour.

G. Censer 17, Key of D; also Casket 80, Musical Leaves 33.

1. We are coming, blessed Saviour, We hear thy gentle voice; We would be thine forever, And in thy love rejoice.

CHORUS.—We are coming, we are coming, We are coming, blessed Saviour, We are coming, we are coming, We hear thy gentle voice.

2. We are coming, blessed Saviour, To meet that happy, band, And sing with them forever, And in thy presence stand. Сно. - We are coming, &c. To meet that happy band.

3. We are coming, blessed Saviour, Our Father's house we see,-A glorious mansion ever For children young as we.

CHO.—We are coming, &c. Our Father's house we see.

4. We are coming, blessed Saviour, That happy home is ours; If here we gain thy favor,

We'll reach those fragrant bowers. CHO.—We are coming, &c.
That happy home is ours.

5. We are coming, blessed Saviour, To crown our Jesus King,

And then with angels ever His praises we will sing. Сно.—We are coming, &c. To crown our Jesus King.

### Marching On.

HAPPY VOICES 139, Key of D; also G. Censer 96 1. Marching on, marching on, glad as

birds on the wing, Come the bright ranks of soldiers from near and from far;

Happy hearts full of song 'neath our banners we bring,

We are soldiers of Zion prepared for the

CHORUS.—Marching on, marching on, Sound the battle-cry, sound the battle-cry ! For the Saviour is before us, and for him we draw the sword ;

Marching on, marching on, Shout the victory, the victory, the victory ! We will end the battle singing hallelujah to the Lamb.

2. Pressing on, pressing on, to the din of the fray,

With the firm tread of faith to the battle we go; Mid the cheering of angels, our ranks

march away, With our flags pointing ever right on tow'rds the foe.

Сно.—Marching on, &с.

3. Fighting on, fighting on, in the midst of the strife,

At the call of our Captain, we draw ev'ry sword;

We are battling for God, we are struggling for life,

Let us strike every sinner that fights 'gainst the Lord.

Сно.—Marching on, &c.

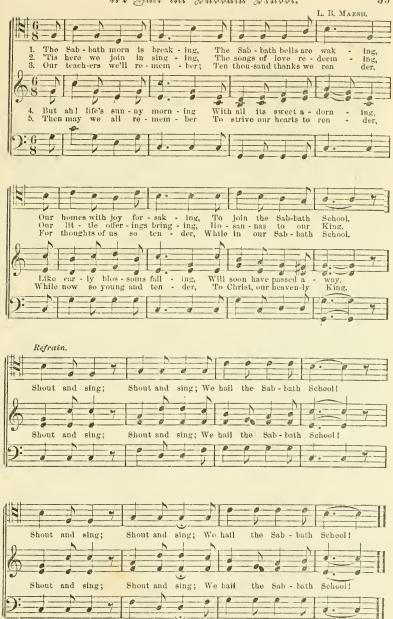
4. Singing on, singing on, from the battle we come,

Ev'ry flag bears a wreath, ev'ry soldier renown;

Heavenly angels are waiting to welcome us home,

And the Saviour will give as a robe and a crown.

CHO.—Marching on, &c.



# There is a Land, &c.

VARMA, IN S. S. HOSANNA 143, Key of E flat.

I. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; Eternal day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

2. There everlasting spring abides, And never-withering flowers; Death, like a narrow sea divides This heavenly land from ours.

3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dress'd in living green; So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan roll'd between.

And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

# Yes, We Trust, &c.

ZION, IN S. S. HOSANNA 127, Key of D; or Fresh Laurels 11.

1. Yes! we trust the day is breaking, Joyful times are near at hand; God—the mighty God—is speaking, By his word, in every land:

When he chooses, Darkness flies at his command.

2. Oh, 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving To our hearts, to hear, each day, Joyful news from far arriving, How the gospel wins its way, Those enlightening Who in death and darkness lay.

3. God of Jacob, high and glorious, Let thy people see thy hand; Let the gospel be victorious Through the world, in every land; Then shall idols . Perish, Lord, at thy command.

Something for Children to do.

Tune.—"There'll be something to do." G. Censer, 80, Key of B flat.

1. There is something on earth for the children to do-For each Child that is striving to be

Like the One who once murmured in accents of love "Let the little ones come unto me."

CHORUS.—There is something to do, there Heirship thou canst borrow in worlds on is something to do;

There is something for children to do. On this beautiful earth where the Saviour had birth,

There is something for children to do.

2. There are sweet winning words to the weary and sad

By their glad loving lips to be said; There are hearts that are waiting by some little hand

Unto Jesus the Lord to be led. CHO.—There is something to do, &c.

3. There are lessons to learn both at home and at school;

There are battles to fight for the right; There's a watch to be kept over temper and tongue

And God's help to be asked day and night.

Сно.—There is something to do, &с.

4. Could we but climb where Moses stood 4. There are smiles to be given, kind deeds to be done,

Gentle words to be dropped by the way-For the Child that is seeking to follow the

There is something to do every day. Сно.—There is something to do, &c. Mary B. Sleight.

#### Child of Sin and Sorrow.

S. S. Hosanna 103, Key of B flat; also Oriola 197 or Glad Tidings 57.

1. Child of sin and sorrow, fill'd with dis-

Wait not for to-morrow; yield thee to-day. Heaven bids thee come, While yet there's room. Child of sin and sorrow, Hear and obey.

2. Child of sin and sorrow, why wilt thou die?

Come, while thou canst borrow help from on high: Grieve not that love Which from above-Child of sin and sorrow-Would bring thee nigh.

3. Child of sin and sorrow, where wilt thou flee

Through that long to-morrow, eternity? Exiled from home, Darkly to roam,-

Child of sin and sorrow, Where wilt thou flee?

4. Child of sin and sorrow, lift up thine

In that high home,

Graven thy name: Child of sin and sorrow, Swift homeward fly!





1. O be joyful in the Lord, | all ye | iands; | Scree the Lord with gladness and come before his |

presence | with a | song.

Be ye sure that the Lord | he is | God; | It is he that hath made ns, and not we ourselves, we are his people | and the | sheep. of his | pasture.

3. O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving and into his | courts with | praise; | Be ye thankful unto him and speak | good.... | of his | Name.
4. For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is | cv-er- | lasting, | And his truth endureth from gener-|

ation. to | gen -- er- | ation. Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, | And | to the | Holy | Ghost.

6. As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever . . shall | be, | World | without | end . . A- | men.

The Lord is My Shepherd.

Tune.—"Flow Gently Sweet Afton," S. S. Bell No. 2—183, Key of A.

How tender and watchful my wants to supply!

He daily provides me with raiment and food,

Whate'er he denies me is meant for my good.

The Lord is my Shepherd, then must I obey His gracious commandment, and walk in

his way-His fear he will teach me, my heart he'll

And tho' I'm so sinful, my sins he'll sub-

2. The Lord is my Shepherd, how happy am I!

I'm blest while I live, and I'm blest when Hearts full of gladness now we bring; I die,

In death's gloomy valley no evil I'll dread, "For I will be with thee," my Shepherd has said.

"The Lord is my Shepherd," I'll sing with delight,

Till called to adore him in regions of light: Then praise him, with angels, to bright harps of gold,

And ever and ever his glory behold.

# Around the Throne of God, &c.

S. S. Bell No. 1-44, Key of G; also S. S. Hosanna 58, H. Voices 11, G. Chain 118.

1. Around the throne of God in heaven Thousands of children stand, Children whose sins are all forgiven,

A holy, happy band, Singing glory, glory, Glory be to God on high.

2. In flowing robes of spotless white See every one array'd,

Dwelling in everlasting light, And joys that never fade, Singing glory, &c.

3. What brought them to that world above,

That heaven so bright and fair, Where all is peace, and joy, and love? How came those children there? Singing glory, &c.

4. Because the Saviour shed his blood, To wash away their sin;

Eathed in that pure and precious flood, Behold them white and clean! Singing glory, &c.

15. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,

On earth they loved his name; 1. The Lord is my Shepherd, how happy So now they see his blessed face, And stand before the Lamb, Singing glory, &c.

# On this New Year Evening, &c.

Tune .- " Prairie Flower," Key of B flat.

1. On this New Year evening, when our hearts are light,

All around us cheerful, gay, and bright, With our happy voices let us fill the air.

And a Father's love declare.

Merrily we sing, then, children, one and all, Praise your bounteons Giver, great and small,

For the many mercies daily he bestows, From the dawn till evening's close.

Сно.—Bright, happy New Year! joyful we sing,

Take these offerings, Jesus, full of love and cheer,

Smile upon the glad New Year.

2. Come, dear children, join our happy little band,

Pressing onward to the "better land." Where the angels welcome, with their harps of gold,

All the lambs of Jesus' fold. In the land of sunshine sorrow is unknown All is calm and peaceful round the throne; Come ye sad and weary to this place of rest, Come and be forever blest.

Сно.—Bright, happy New Year, &c.

# Pligrim Chorus.

MERRY CHIMES 143, Key of C.

From afar, gracious Lord, thou didst gather

Thy flock, on these shores of the ocean, Thee they owned as their God and their Father;

And when left in the wild waste forlorn, Still they served thee, with steadfast devotion.

Hear the cry which their children are sending,

With the accents of penitence blending, Save thy people from peril and scorn: O, let peace bend its iris arch o'er us, Gentle breezes and waves with our voices, Sing of light, love and freedom in chorus,

Till the Eden of old be renewed. Ah! our sins would call down thy displeasure,

But thy goodness the sad heart rejoices, Be thy mercy displayed without measure, And by mercy our soul be subdued.



#### Sweet Land of Rest.

G. CENSER 13, Key of G; also Pil. Songs 90, Glad Tidings 84.

I. Sweet land of rest! for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come
When I shall lay my armor by
And dwell with Christ at home?
CHO.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
And dwell with Christ at home.

 No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful sheltering home;
 This world's a wilderness of wo This world is not my home. CHO.—Home, home, &c.

3. To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
He bade me cease to roam,
But fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.
CHO.—Home, home, &c.

4- Weary of wandering round and round This vale of sin and gloom, I long to leave the unhallow'd ground And dwell with Christ at home. CHO.—Home, home, &c.

# Lonely Traveler.

G. Chain 65, Key of G; also Oriola 198, or S. S. Hosanna 107.

 I'm a lonely traveler here, Weary, oppress'd; But my journey's end is near, Soon I shall rest.
 Dark and dreary is the way,

Toiling I've come;
Ask me not with you to stay:
Yonder's my home.

2. I'm a weary traveler here, I must go on;

For my journey's end is near,
I must be gone.

Brighter joys than earth can give Win me away;

Pleasures that forever live: I cannot stay.

3. I'm a traveler to a land
Where all is fair,
Where is seen no broken band:
Saints all are there.
Where no tear shall ever fall,
No heart be sad;
Where the glory is for all.

Where the glory is for all, And all are glad.

All I resign;

4. I'm a traveler, and I go
Where all is fair:
Farewell, all I've loved below,
I must be there.
Worldly honors, hopes, and gain,

Welcome sorrow, grief, and pain, If heaven be mine.

5. I'm a traveler, call me not:
 Upward's my way;
Yonder is my rest and lot:
 I cannot stay.
Farewell, earthly pleasures all,
 Pilgrim I roam:

Hail me not; in vain you call:
Yonder's my home.

# Be Kind to the Loved Ones, &c.

S. S. Bell, No. 2-46, Key of A flat; or S. S. Hosanna 82.

r. Be kind to thy father; for when thou wast young,

Who loved thee so fondly as he? He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,

And join'd in thy innocent glee. Be kind to thy father, for now he is old, His locks intermingled with gray;

His footsteps are feeble,—once fearless and bold;

Thy father is passing away.

2. Be kind to thy mother; for lo! on her brow

May traces of sorrow be seen;
Oh, well mayst thou cherish and comfort
her now,

For loving and kind she hath been. Remember thy mother; for thee will she

As long as God giveth her breath; With accents of kindness, then, cheer her lone way,

E'en to the dark valley of death.

 Be kind to thy brother: his heart will have dearth.

If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn; The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,

If the dew of affection be gone. Be kind to thy brother, wherever you are; The love of a brother shall be

An ornament purer and richer by far
Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

4. Be kind to thy sister; not many may know

The depth of true sisterly love; The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms

below
The surface that sparkles above. [bold,
Be kind to thy father, once fearless and

Be kind to thy mother so near;
Be kind to thy brother, nor show thy heart
cold;

Be kind to thy sister so dear.



# Joyfully! Joyfully!

H. Voices 211, Key of G; also Oriola 121, S. S. Bell No 1-51.

1. Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move, Bound to the land of bright spirits above Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy says, Come, Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home. Soon will our pilgrimage end here below. S. S. Hosanna 63, Key of F; also H. Voices 79, Oriola 61. Soon to the presence of God we shall go; Then if to Jesus our hearts have been given,

Joyfully, joyfully, rest we in heaven.

2. Teachers and scholars have pass'd on before,

Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore,

Singing to cheer us, while passing along, Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home. Sounds of sweet music there ravish the

Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall

hear, Filling with harmony heaven's high dome. Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.

3. Death with his arrow may soon lay us low,

Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow; Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb, Joyfully, joyfully, will we go home. Bright will the morn of eternity dawn, Death shall be conquer'd, his sceptre be I. A year again has passed away!

Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll

Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

# The Mercy-Seat.

G. Shower 10, Key of E; Pilgrims' Songs 4. 1. From ev'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev'ry swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure retreat, 'Tis found beneath the Mercy-seat. Сно. —The Mercy-seat, the Mercy-seat,

The blessed Mercy-seat, The Mercy-seat, the Mercy-seat, The blessed Mercy-seat.

2. There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads,-A place than all beside more sweet: It is the blood-bought Mercy-seat. Сно.—The Mercy-seat, &c.

There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet Around one common Mercy-seat. Сно.—The Mercy-seat, &c.

4. There, there on eagle wings we sour, And sin and sense molest no more,

And heaven comes down our souls to

And glory crowns the Mercy-seat. Сно.—The Mercy-seat, &с.

# To-Day the Saviour Calls.

I. To-day the Saviour calls: Ye wanderers, come I O ye benighted souls, Why longer roam?

2. To-day the Saviour calls; For refuge fly; The storm of vengeance falls, Ruin is nigh.

3. To-day the Saviour calls Oh, listen now! Within these sacred walls To Jesus bow.

4. The Spirit calls to-day. Yield to his power; Oh, grieve him not away! 'Tis mercy's hour.

# A Year Again has Passed, &c.

S. S. BELL No. 1-11, Key of D.

Time swiftly speeds along; We come again to praise and pray, And sing our greeting song.
CHORUS.—We come, we come, we come

with song to greet you, We come, we come, we come with song again.

2. We come the Saviour's name to praise, To sing the wondrous love Of Him who guards us all our days, And guides to Heaven above.

Сно.—We come, we come, &c. 3. We'll sing of mercies daily given, Through every passing year, We'll sing the promises of Heaven With voices loud and clear. Сно.—We come, we come, &с.

4. We'll sing of many which we've passed in Sunday school, We'll sing of many a happy hour Where truth, like summer's genial show ers,

Extends its gracious rule. Сно.—We come, we come, &c.

5. Our youthful hearts will gladly raise, Our voices sweetly sing

A general song of grateful praise, To Heaven's eternal King. CHO.—We come, we come, &c.

you,

aid

He

will-ing to

He

will car- ry you

through.

# There's a Cry from Macedonia.

From Bradbury's Golden CENSER 112, Key of E flat. By permission.

I. There's a cry from Macedonia—Come and help us;

The light of the gospel bring, O come! Let us hear the joyful tidings of salvation, We thirst for the living spring.

O ye heralds of the cross be up and doing Remember the great command, Away! Go ye forth and preach the word to ev'ry

creature, Proclaim it in ev'ry land.

They shall gather from the East, They shall gather from the West, With the patriarchs of old, And the ransom'd shall return To the kingdoms of the blest

With their harps and crowns of gold. There's a cry from Macedonia—Come and

help us;

The light of the gospel bring, O come! Let us hear the joyful tidings of salvation, We thirst for the living spring.

2. O how beautiful their feet upon the G. Shower 68, Key of E flat; also H. Voices 105 mountains

The tidings of peace who bring, Who bring To the nations of the earth who sit in darkness,

And tell them of Zion's king;

Then ye heralds of the cross be up and doing,

Go work in your master's field, Away! Sound the trumpet, sound the trumpet of salvation,

The Lord is your strength and shield. Let the distant isles be glad, Let them hail the Saviour's birth, And the news of pardon free, Till the knowledge of the truth Shall extend to all the earth, As the waters o'er the sea. There's a cry from Macedonia. &c.

3. Ye have listed in the army of the faithful Like heroes the battle fight, Away! There are foes on every hand that will as-

sail you, Then gird on your armor bright; With the banner of the cross unfurled be-

fore you, The sword of the spirit wield, Away! Ye shall conquer through his mercy who hath loved you,

The Lord is your strength and shield. Ye are marching to the land Where the saints in glory stand, And the just for joy shall sing, Ye by faith may bring it nigh; Ye shall reach it bye and bye, And your shouts of triumph ring. There's a cry from Macedonia, &c. Remember Thy Creator.

Tune.--" Children may come to the Saviour."
(See opposite page.)

1. Remember now thy Creator, In days of thy youth, Forget not his truth;

O turn not away from thy Maker, His mercy invites you to-day. Сно.—Children may come, &с.

2. Remember now thy Creator. For dark day's will come, If in sin you shall roam,

In his law and his love there's no pleasure, For those who reject him to-day. Сно.—Children may come, &с.

3. Remember now thy Creator-Ere the silver cord loose, Or the golden bowl break,

Or the pitcher be broke at the fountain: Death lurks in the thought of delay. Cно.—Children may come, &с. A. McLeish.

> Jesus Loves Me. or Diadem 35.

I. Jesus loves me! this I know, For the Bible tells me so: Little ones to him belong, They are weak, but he is strong. CHO.—Yes, Jesus loves me,

Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bible tells me so.

2. Jesus loves me! He who died, Heaven's gate to open wide; He will wash away my sin, Let his little child come in.

Сно.—Yes, Jesus loves nie. &c.

3. Jesus loves me! loves me still, Though I'm very weak and ill; From his shining throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.

CHO.—Yes, Jesus loves me, &c. 4. Jesus loves me! He will stay

Close beside me all the way: If I love him, when I die He will take me home on high. CHO.—Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.

#### Dismissal.

Tune .- "Sicilian Hymn," Key of D. Lord dismiss us with thy blessing, Be with us where'er we go; Keep us from thy laws transgressing, Give us each thy love to know-

O protect us! Ever guide us,

Bring us home to heaven at last. R. W. Bridge.



# The Shining Shore.

G. CHAIN 83, Key of G; also P. Songs 118, H. Voices 200, G. Tidings 121.

1. My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not detain them as they fly,-Those hours of toil and danger. CHO.-For, oh, we stand on Jordan's

strand, Our friends are passing over,

And just before, the shining shore We may almost discover.

2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our heavenly home discerning; Our absent Lord has left us word, Let every lamp be burning. Cho.—For, oh, we stand on Jordan's, &c.

We need not cease our singing; That perfect rest naught can molest Where golden harps are ringing.

4. Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow, Each chord on earth to sever; Our King says, Come, and there's our home,

Forever, oh, forever. CHO.—For, oh, we stand on Jordan's, &c.

#### Oh! Who's Like Jesus?

S. S. Bell No. 1-55, Key of G.

1. Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone; He whom I fix my hopes upon: His track I see, and I'll pursue The narrow way, till him I view. CHORUS.—Oh! who's like Jesus who died on the tree?

He died for you, he died for me, He died to set poor sinners free, Oh! who's like Jesus who died on the tree?

2. The way the holy prophets went, The road that leads from banishment; The King's highway of holiness I'll go for all his paths are peace. CHO.—Oh! who's like Jesus, &c.

3. This is the way I long have sought, And mourned because I found it not; My grief and burden long has been, Because I was not saved from sin.

Сно.—Oh! who's like Jesus, &с.

The more I strove against its power, I felt its weight and guilt the more; Till late I heard my Saviour say: "Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY." CHO.—Oh! who's like Jesus, &c.

. Lo! glad I come, and thou blest Lamb, Shalt take me to thee, whose I am;

Nothing but sin have I to give, Nothing but love shall, I receive. CHO.—Oh! who's like Jesus, &c

6. Then will I tell to sinners round, What a dear Saviour I have found: I'll point to thy redeeming blood, And say, "Behold the way to God." CHO.—Oh! who's like Jesus, &c.

# The Gospel Invitation.

Tune .- Marlow, Key of G.

- I. The Saviour calls, let every ear Attend the heavenly sound; Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear; Hope smiles reviving round.
- 3. Should coming days be cold and dark, 2. For every thirsty, longing heart, Here streams of bounty flow; And life and health and bliss impart, To banish mortal woe.
- CHO.—For, oh, we stand on Jordan's, &c. 3. Here springs of sacred pleasure rise, To ease your every pain; Immortal fountain! full supplies! Nor shall you thirst in vain.
  - 4. Ye sinners come,—'tis mercy's voice;
    That gracious voice obey; Mercy invites to heavenly joys, And can you yet delay?
  - 5. Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts; To thee let sinners fly And take the bliss thy love imparts, And drink, and never die.

# Behold a Stranger at the Door.

TUNE IN ORIOLA 100, Key of A.

- Behold a stranger at the door! He gently knocks,—has knock'd before,— Has waited long, is waiting still; You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2. Oh, lovely attitude !—he stands With melting heart and loaded hands: Oh, matchless kindness!—and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes !
- 3. But will he prove a friend indeed? He will,-the very Friend you need: The Friend of sinners,—yes, 'tis he, With garments dyed on Calvary.
- 4. Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine, Turn out his enemy and thine,-That soul-destroying monster, sin,-And let the heavenly Stranger in.
- 5. Admit him ere his anger burn; His feet departed ne'er return; Admit him, or the hour's at hand You'll at his door rejected stand.



### Watchman, Tell us, &c. S. S. Bell No. 1-90, Key of D.

1. Watchman, tell us of the night,

What its signs of promise are, Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height, See that glory beaming star! Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell? Traveler, yes; it brings the day:

Promised day of Israel. Сно.—Traveler, yes; it brings the day-Promised day of Israel!

2. Watchman, tell us of the night, Higher yet that star ascends; Traveler, blessedness and light, Peace and truth its course portends; Watchman, will its beams alone Gild the spot that gave them birth? Traveler, ages are its own: See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

Сно.—Travelcr, ages are its own: See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

3. Watchman, tell us of the night, For the darkness seems to dawn, Traveler, darkness takes its flight, Doubt and terror are withdrawn. Watchman, let thy wanderings cease; Hie thee to thy quiet home:— Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come!

CHO.—Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo, the Son of God is come,

# I Would not Live Alway!

S. S. Bell No. 1-108, Key of F.

I. I would not live alway! I ask not to

Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;

The few lurid mornings that dawn on us

Are enough for life's woes-full enough for its cheer.

2. I would not live alway! thus fettered

by sin! Temptation without, and corruption with-

E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled Journey with us to the mansions of rest; with fears.

And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3. I would not live alway! no, welcome Softly we drift on its bright silver tide, the tomb!

Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,

There sweet be my rest till he bid me Glory to God! we will shout evermore. arise,

To hail him in triumph descending the

4. Who, who would live alway, away from his God-

Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode, Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,

And the noontide of glory eternally reigns.

5. Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,

Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,

While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,

And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

#### Homeward Bound.

S. S. Bell No. 1.—64, Key of A; Oriola 22, S. S. Hosanna 42, Happy Voices 210,

1. Out on an ocean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound;

Toss'd on the waves of a rough, restless

We're homeward bound; Far from the safe quiet harbor we've rode, Seeking our Father's celestial abode, Promise of which on us each he bestowe'd:

We're homeward bound.

2. Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars.

We're homeward bound. Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,

We're homeward bound; Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel; Steady! we soon shall outweather the

Oh, how we fly neath the loud creaking sail !

We're homeward bound.

3. We'll tell the world, as we journey along,

We're homeward bound; Try to persuade them to enter our throng, We're homeward bound.

Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppress'd,

Join in our number, oh, come and be blest, We're homeward bound.

4. Into the harbor of heaven we glide, We're home at last;

We're home at last;

We stand secure on the glorified shore.

We're home at last.



# I'm a Pilgrim.

S. S. Bell, No. 1-26, Key of G; also S. S. Hosanna, 43, Oriola, 127.

1. I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger; I can tarry, I can tarry but a night. Do not detain me, for I am going To where the fountains are ever flowing. 2. We praise thee for thy constant care, I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

There the glory is ever shining: I am longing, I am longing for the sight. Here in this country so dark and dreary 3. We praise thee for the joyful news I have been wandering, forlorn and weary. CHORUS.—I'm a pilgrim, &c.

3. There's the city to which I journey My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light; There is no sorrow, nor any sighing, There is no sin there, nor any dying. Chorus.—I'm a pilgrim, &c.

#### Rest for the Weary.

G. Chain 36, Key of C; also S. S. Hosanna, 61, Pilgrims' Songs 56.

I. In the Christian's home in glory There remains a land of rest; There my Saviour's gone before me, To fulfil my soul's request.

: There is rest for the weary, : There is rest for you, On the other side of Jordan, In the sweet fields of Eden, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

2. He is fitting up my mansion, Which eternally shall stand; For my stay shall not be transient In that holy, happy land. CHORUS.—There is rest, &c.

3. Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share, But in that celestial centre

I a crown of life shall wear. CHORUS.—There is rest, &c.

4. Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory; Shout your triumphs as you go; Zion's gates will open for you, You will find an entrance through. CHORUS.—There is rest, &c.

# Happy Day.

S. S. Bell No. 1—41, Key of G; also S. S. Hosanna 77, Happy Voices 43, Oriola 206,

I. Preserved by thine almighty power, O Lord, our Maker, Saviour, King, And brought to see this happy hour, We come thy praises here to sing. CHORUS.—Happy day, happy day!

Here in thy courts we'll gladly stay, And at thy footstool humbly pray That thou wouldst take our sins away. Happy day, happy day, When Christ shall wash our sins

For life preserved, for mercies given: Oh, may we still those mercies share, And taste the joys of sins forgiven! Chorus.—Happy day, &c.

Of pardon through a Saviour's blood; O Lord, incline our hearts to choose The way to happiness and God. CHORUS.—Happy day, &c.

4. And when on earth our days are done, Grant, Lord, that we at length may join, Teachers and scholars, round thy throne, The song of Moses and the lamb. CHORUS.—Happy day, &c.

# I Was a Wandering Sheep.

S. S. Bell No. 1-8, Key of F; also H. Voices 45, or S. S. Hosanna 145.

I. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold;

I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be controll'd;

I was a wayward child, I did not love my home,

I did not love my Father's voice, I loved afar to roam.

2. The Shepherd sought his sheep, The Father sought his child; They follow'd me o'er vale and hill O'er deserts waste and wild: They found me nigh to death,

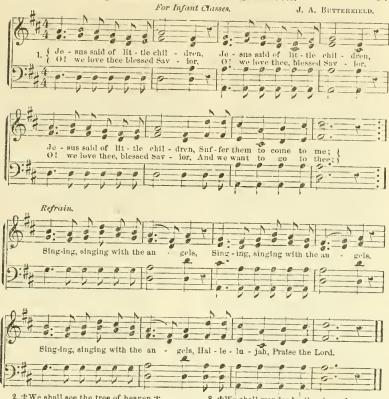
Famish'd and faint and lone; They bound me with the bands of love, They saved the wandering one.

3. Jesus my Shepherd is; 'Twas he that loved my soul, 'Twas he that washed me in his blood, 'Twas he that made me whole: 'Twas he that sought the lost,

That found the wandering sheep; 'Twas he that brought me to the fold; 'Tis he that still doth keep.

4. No more a wandering sheep, I love to be controll'd; I love my tender Shepherd's voice, I love the peaceful fold. No more a wayward child,

I seek no more to roam I love my heavenly Father's voice; I love, I love his home.



2. : We shall see the tree of heaven : |: With the leaves of healing balm, : And shall hear the angels singing,: |: Hallelujah to the Lamb.

8. : We shall wander by the river, : !: Of everlasting life, : Where no sin can come forever,: !: With its sorrow and its strife.



1. In the silent midnight watches | List thy bosom's door,

1. In the stient midnight watches; List thy coson s door,
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh, knocketh evenuere!
2. Say not 'tis thy pulses beating, | 'Tis thy heart of sin, |
'Tis thy Savior knocks, and crieth, | 'Rise and let me in!'
3. Death comes down with reckless footsteps, | To the hall and hut; |
Think you door had hall tarry knocking. When the door is shut?

Think you death will tarry knocking, | When the door is shut?

4. Jesns waiteth, waiteth, waiteth, | But the door is fast; |
Grieved, away the Savior goeth, | Death breaks in at last.

At the gate of heaven beating, Wailing for thy sin.

6. Nay lales, thou guilty creature! Hast thou then forgot? Jesus waited long to know thee, Now he knows thee not.

# Guide Me, O Thou, &c.

S. S. HOSANNA 128, Key of D; also H. Voices 69, Oriola 200.

 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty;
 iIold me with thy powerful hand:
 Bread of heaven,

Feed me till I want no more.

 Open thou the crystal fountain Whence the healing waters flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through:

Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

 When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid the swelling stream divide;
 Death of death, and hell's destruction, Land me safe on Canaan's side;
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee,

#### How Serious Is, &c.

Tune.--Boylston, Key of C.

I. How serious is the charge
 To train the infant mind!
 'Tis God alone must give the heart,
 To such a work inclined.

 May we, in Christian bonds, The Christian name adorn
 By active deeds for public good, Nor mind the sinner's scorn.

3. While wicked men unite,
Our youth to lead aside,
'Tis ours to show them wisdom's path,

In wisdom's path to guide.

4. Dependent, Lord, on thee
Our humble means to bless,

We gladly join our hearts and hands
And look for large success.

# Rock of Ages.

S. S. Hosanna, 33, Key of C; also H. Voices 18a.

I. Rock of Ages, cleft for me!

Let me hide myself in thee;

Let the water and the blood,

From thy wounded side that flow'd,

Be of sin the perfect cure;

Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

2. Should my tears forever flow, Should my zeal no languor know, This for sin could not atone; Thou must save, and thou alone: In my hand no price I bring, Simply to thy cross I cling.

3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When mine eyelids close in death, When I rise to worlds unknown,

And behold thee on thy throne, Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee!

# Now Condescend, &c.

EVAN, Key of A flat; also G. Censer 93, S. S. Hosanna 3.

 Now condescend, Almighty King, To bless this happy throng;
 And kindly listen while we sing Our grateful morning song.

 We come to own the power divine That watches o'er our days;
 For this our cheerful voices join In hymns of grateful praise.

3. We come to learn thy holy word And ask thy tender care; Before thy throne, Almighty Lord, We bend in humble prayer.

4. May we in safety pass this day, From sin and danger free; And ever walk in that sure way That leads to heaven and thee.

# Nearer, My God, to Thee.

S. S. HOSANNA, Key of G.

 Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee:
 E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me.
 Still all my song shall be.
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

 Though like a wanderer, Daylight all gone,
 Darkness be over me, My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, &c.

3. There let the way appear Steps up to heaven; All that thou sendest me In mercy given, Angels to beckon me Nearer, my God, &c.

4. Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise,
So by my woes to be
Nearer my God, &c.

5. Or if, on joyful wing Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, &c.



# When I Can Read, &c.

Tune.—" Ortonville," Key of B flat.

- When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies,
   I'll bid farewell to every fear,
   And wipe my weeping eyes.
- Should earth against my soul engage, And fiery darts be hurl'd,
   Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world.
- 3. Let cares like a wild deluge come, Let storms of sorrow fall,—
- So I but safely reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4. There I shall bathe my weary soul In seas of heavenly rest, And not a wave of trouble roll Across my peaceful breast.

#### Coronation.

- G. Shower 53, Key of G; also S. S. Hosanna 142, or Diadem 3.
- All hail the power of Jesus' name!
  Let angels prostrate fall;
  Bring forth the royal diadem,
  And crown him Lord of all.
- Crown him, ye martyrs of our God, Who from his altar call;
   Extol the stem of Jesse's rod, And crown him Lord of all.
- 3. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransom'd from the fall, Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
- Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
  The wormwood and the gall,
   Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
  And crown him Lord of all.
- Let every kindred, every tribe, On this terrestrial ball,
   To him all majesty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all.

# Just as I Am.

FRESH LAURELS 140, Key of E flat; also G. Showers 56, H. Voices 35.

 Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was | shed for | me, And that thou bid'st me | come to | thee, O | Lamb of | God, I | come!

Just as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of | one dark | blot,
 To thee, whose blood can | cleanse each | spot,

O Lamb of God, I | come!

3. Just as I am, though toss'd about
With many a conflict, | many a | doubt,
Fightings within, and | foes with- | out,
O | Lamb of | God, I | come!

4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,— Sight, riches, healing | of the | mind, Yea, all I need, in | thee I | find,— O | Lamb of | God, I | come!

5. Just as I am,—thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, | cleanse, re | lieve Because thy promise | I be- | lieve,— O | Lamb of | God, I | come!

6. Just as I am, thy love, I own,
Has broken every | barrier | down;
Now to be thine, and | thine a- | lone.
O | Lamb of | God, I | come!

# Hymn for Palm Sunday.

Tune.—" Battle Hymn of the Republic," Key of B flat.

 When our beloved Jesus rode into Jerusalem,

Little children of the kingdom were among the multitude.

Oh! how lovingly he saw them, and how sweetly smiled on them,

As their sweet voices rang, CHORUS.—Sing Hosanna in the highest! Blessed, blessed be the king that cometh! Blessed be the king that cometh! In the name of the Lord!

2. As all along the path they strewed the green and shining Palm,

Gentle hands of little children spread the branches in the way

They were singing and rejoicing in a glad and solemn psalm,

As their young voices rang, Сно.—Sing Hosanna, &с.

3. And now the blessed Jesus has ascended up above;

He has gone up from the olden, to the new Jerusalem.

Now he looks down on the children, smiling on them still, in love,

As their young voices sing, CHO. Sing Hosanna, &c.

4. And by and by the children, who to follow him will try,

Up to yonder heavenly city with the pearly gates, shall go.

They shall go to cast their palms down, in the golden street on high, As their young voices ring,

Сно.—Sing Hosanna, &с. Mary В. С. Slade.



# Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

Tune .- Martyn, Key of F. I. Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the raging billows roll, While the tempest still is high; Hide me, O my Saviour hide, Till the storm of life is past:

Safe into the haven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last.

2. Other refuge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee: Leave, oh, leave me not alone! Still support and comfort me. All my trust on thee is stay'd; All my help from thee I bring; Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in thee I find; Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and holy is thy name, I am all unrighteousness False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

#### A Poor Wayfaring Man, &c. ORIOLA 100, Key of A.

t. A poor wayfaring man of grief Hath often cross'd me on my way, Who sued so humbly for relief That I could never answer nay. I had not power to ask his name, Wither he went, or whence he came; Yet there was something in his eye That won my love, I knew not why.

2. Once, when my scanty meal was spread, He enter'd; not a word he spake Just perishing for want of bread;
I gave him all; he bless'd it, brake,

And ate, but gave me part again. Mine was an angel's portion then; And while I fed with eager haste, The crust was manna to my taste.

3. I spied him where a fountain burst Clear from the rock; his strength was gene;

The heedless water mock'd his thirst; He heard it, saw it hurrying on. I ran and raised the sufferer up: Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup; Dipp'd, and return'd it running o'er; I drank, and never thirsted more.

blew A wintry hurricane aloof: I heard his voice abroad, and flew

To bid him welcome to my roof. I warm'd, I clothed, I cheer'd my guest. Laid him on my own couch to rest, Then made the earth my bed, and secm & In Eden's garden while I dream'd.

5. Then, in a moment, to my view The stranger started from disguise; The tokens in his hands I knew; My Saviour stood before my eyes ! He spake, and my poor name he named: "Of me thou hast not been ashamed; These deeds shall thy memorial be;

Alas! and Did, &c.

Tune .- Balerma, Key of B flat. Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?

Fear not; thou didst it unto me."

And did my Sovereign die? Would he devote that sacred head For such a worm as 1?

Was it for crimes that I had done He groan'd upon the tree? Amazing pity! grace unknown! And love beyond degree!

3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in, When God, the mighty Maker died For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face While his dear cross appears, Dissolve my heart in thankfulness, And melt mine eyes to tears.

5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay The debt of love I owe: Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

# Lord I Would Own, &c.

Tune .- Ortonville, Kay of B flat.

1. Lord, I would own thy tender care, And all thy love to me; The food I eat, the clothes I wear, Are all bestow'd by thee.

2. And thou preservest me from death, And dangers every hour; I cannot draw another breath Unless thou give the power.

3. My health and friends and parents dear To me by God are given; I have not any blessings here But what are sent from heaven.

Twas night; the floods were out; it 4 Such goodness, Lord, and constant care, A child can ne'er repay; But may it be my daily prayer To love thee and obey



# O Turn Ye, &c.

Tune.-Expostulation, Key of G.

r. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will

nigh?

Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,

And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2. How vain the delusion, that while you delay

Your hearts may grow better by staying away!

Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,

While streams of salvation are flowing so r. On the mountain's top appearing,

3. And now Christ is ready your souls to receive:

Oh, how can you question if you will believe?

If sin is your burden, why will you not 2. Has thy night been long and mournful?

come? 'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you Have thy foes been proud and scornful, come home.

4. Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart,

And, trusting in Heaven, we never shall 3. God, thy God, will now restore thee; part;

Oh, how can we leave you? why will you All thy foes shall flee before thee; not come?

We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

# Psalm of Life.

Tune .- Autumn, Key of A flat

I. Tell me not in mournful numbers "Life is but an empty dream!" For the soul is dead that slumbers,

And things are not what they seem. Life is real! life is earnest!

And the grave is not its goal; "Dust thou art, to dust returnest," Was not spoken of the soul.

2. Art is long, and Time is fleeting, And our hearts, though stout and brave, Still, like muffled drums, are beating

Funeral marches to the grave. In the world's broad field of battle, In the bivouac of life,

Be not like dumb-driven cattle! Be a hero in the strife!

3. Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime, And, departing, leave behind us Foot-prints on the sands of time; Foot-prints, that perhaps another, Sailing o'er life's solemn main A forlorn and shipwrecked brother, Seeing, shall take heart again.

When God in great mercy is coming so 4 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, But to act, that each to-morrow Finds us farther than to-day. Let us, then, be up and doing,

With a heart for any fate; Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labor and to wait.

#### Welcome News.

Tune .- Zion, Key of D.

Lo, the sacred herald stands, Welcome news to Zion bearing. Zion long in hostile lands: : Mourning captive, God himself will loose thy bands. : |

Have thy friends unfaithful proved?

By thy sighs and tears unmoved? : Cease thy mourning!

Zion still is well beloved. :

He himself appears thy Friend; Here their boasts and triumphs end. II: Great deliverance,

Zion's King vouchsafes to send.:

# I Do Believe.

Tune.-The Sunday School.-G. Chain 4, Key of G; also Happy Voices 96.

I. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a believer's ear!

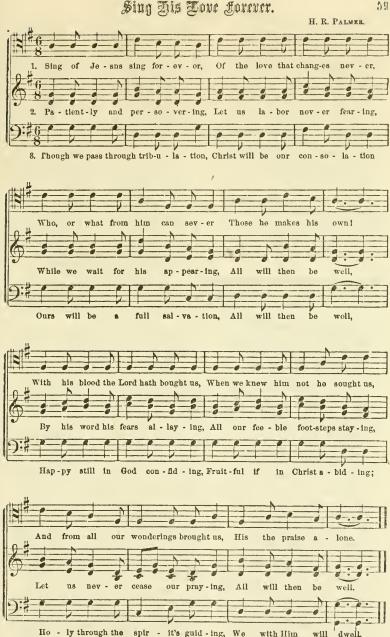
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.

CHORUS.-I do believe, I now believe That Jesus died for me, And through his blood, his precious blood,

I shall from sin be free. 2. It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast;

'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary, rest. Chorus.—I do believe, &c.

3. Weak is the effort of my heart, And cold my warmest thought; But when I see thee as thou art, I'll praise thee as I ought, CHORUS.-I do believe, &c.



spir - it's guid - ing, We

with Him

# O'er the Gloomy Hills, &c.

Tune .- "Zion," Key of D.

 O'er the gloomy hills of darkness, Cheer'd by no celestial ray,
 o f Righteousness, arising, Bring the bright, the glorious day;
 ||:Send the gospel
 To the earth's remotest bound.:||

2. Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness—Grant them, Lord, the glorious light, And from eastern coast to western May the moring chase the night, ||:And redemption, Freely purchased, win the day.:||

3. Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel a Win and conquer, never cease; May thy lasting, wide dominions Multiply and still increase; ||:Sway thy scepter,

Saviour, all the world around .: |

From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

ORIOLA 174, Key of E; also S. S. Hosanna 119, H. Voices 125.

I. From Greenland's icy mountains.
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,—
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2. What though the spicy breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high, Shall we to men benighted The lamp of life deny? Salvation! Oh, salvation! The joyful sound proclaim, Till earth's remotest nation Has learn'd Messiah's name,

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story, And you, ye waters, roll, Till, like a sea of glory, It spread from pole to pole; Till o'er our ransom'd nature The Lamb for sinners slain, Redeemer, King, Creator, In bliss returns to reign.

# The Morning Light is Breaking.

Tune .- Webb, Key of B flat.

The morning light is breaking,
 The darkness disappears,
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears:
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.

2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answer brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing

And heavenly gales are blowing With peace upon their wings.
3. See heathen nations bending

And thousands heart ascending
In gratitude and love;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

4- Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way,
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

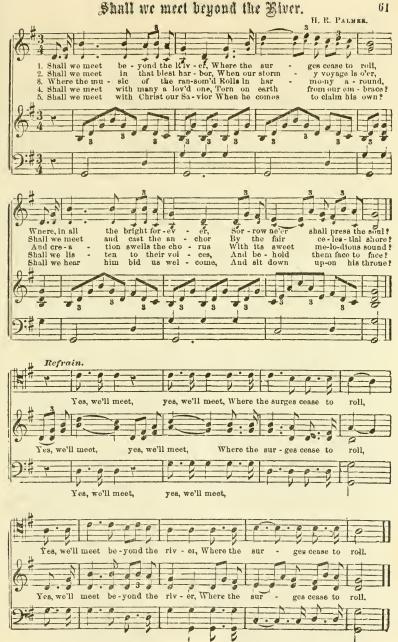
# The Lord is my Shepherd.

SILVER CHIMES 89, Key of D.

I. The Lord is my Shepherd, I | shall not | want; || He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me be- | side the | still— | waters.

2. He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his | name's— | sake.|| Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy | staff, they | comfort | me.

3. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil, my | cup runneth | over, || Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the | house of the | Lord for- | ever. | Amen.



# Thou Art Gone to the Grave, &c.

Tune .- "Scotland," Key of A.

I. Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee; Though sorrows and darkness encom-

pass the tomb,

The Saviour has pass'd through its por- 1. Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep! tals before thee,

And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2. Thou art gone to the grave; we no 2. Asleep in Jesus! Oh, how sweet longer behold thee,

by thy side:

But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,

And sinners may hope, since the Sinless has died.

3. Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansions forsaking,

Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd long;

on thy waking, And the song which thou heardst was Pleasant as the air of evining, the seraphim's song.

4. Thou art gone to the grave; but 'twere 2. Peaceful be thy silent slumber, wrong to deplore thee,

When God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide;

He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,

Where death hath no sting, since the But 'tis God that has bereft us, Saviour has died.

# Flee to your Mountain.

Published in sheet form, Key of D minor.

1. Flee as a bird to your mountain, Thou who art weary of sin;

Go to the clear-flowing fountain, Were you may wash and be clean. Fly, for th' avenger is near thee; Call, and the Saviour will hear thee; He on his bosom will bear thec; O thou who art werry of sin.

2. He will protect thee forevea, Wipe ev'ry sad-falling tear; He will forsake thee, O never, Cherish'd so tenderly there, Haste, then, the hours now are flying; Spend not the moments in sighing; Cease from your sorrow and crying; The Saviour will wipe ev'ry tear.

3. Come, then, to Jesus thy Saviour, He will redeem thee from sin; Bless with a sense of his favor, Make thee all glorious within. Call, for thee Saviour is near thee,

Waiting in mercy to hear thee, And by his presence to cheer ehee, O thou who art weary of sin.

Asleep in Jesus.

Tune .- " Rest," Oriola 72, Key E flat. From which none ever wakes to weep; A calm and undisturb'd repose, Unbroken by the last of foes.

To be for such a slumber meet! Nor tread the rough path of the world With holy confidence to sing That Death has lost his cruel sting.

> Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest! Whose waking is supremely blest; No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That manifests the Saviour's power.

# Sister Thou Wast Mild, &c.

MUSICAL LEAVES 17, Key of C.

But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright I. Sister,\* thou wast mild and lovely. Gentle as the summer breeze; When it floats among the trees.

> Peaceful in the grave so low; Thou no more wilt join our number, Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3, Dearest sister, thou hast left us, Here thy loss we deeply feel; He can still our sorrow heal.

4. Yet again we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled; Then, in heaven with joy to greet thee, Where no farewell tear is shed.

\* Brother, or schoolmate.

# Thy Will be Done!

SILVER CHIMES 88, Key of E flat

I. "Thy will be | done! | In devious way The hurrying stream of | life may | run| Yet still our grateful hearts shall say "Thy will be | done."

2. "Thy will be | done!" | If o'er us shine A gladdening and a | prosperous | sun! This prayer will make it more divine ! "Thy will be | done!"

3. "Thy will be | done!" Though shrouded o'er

Our | path with | gloom, | one comfort,

Is ours: to breathe, while we adore | "Thy will be | done!" "Thy will be | done!"



came that day;

and And

O, not in cruelty, not in

wrath, The Reaper ....

# With Banner and Badge, &c.

Tune.-" Auld Lang Syne," Key of F.

I. With banner and with badge we come,
An army true and strong,
To fight against the hosts of rum

To fight against the hosts of rum, And this shall be our song. CHORUS.

We love the clear cold-water springs, Supplied by gentle showers, We feel the strength cold water brings The victory is ours.

"Cold-Water Army" is our name:
 Oh, may we faithful be,
 And so in truth and justice claim
 The blessings of the free.
 We love the clear, &c.

3. Though others love their rum and wine And drink till they are mad, To water we will still incline, To make us strong and glad.

We love the clear, &c.

4. I pledge to thee this hand of mine, In faith and friendship strong;
And, fellow-soldiers, we will join
The chorus of our song.
We love the clear, &c.

# O Carry Me Back to My Mother's Home.

SONG QUEEN 22, Key of D.

 The day was gone, and the night was dark,

And the howling winds went by, And the blinding sleet fell thick and fast,

From a stern and stormy sky;
When a mournful wail, through the rush-

ing gale,

Was heard at a cottage door—

"O, carry me back, O, carry me back
To my mother's home once more."

CHO.—Listen to that mournful wailing,
As it floats to yonder cottage door—

"O, give me back my happy childhood,
O take me to my home once more."

2. 'Twas a youth who had left his mountain home:

He had wandered far and long:
He had drained the goblet's fiery tide,
At the festal, midnight throng;

But a dream of home came o'er his he.

As he crept to the cottage door—

O, carry me back, O, carry me back

To my mother's home once more."

CHO.—Listen, &c.

"I have left the halls of the tempter's power,
And the revel wild and high;

They cared not in their reckless mirth
If I wandered alone to die—

Doth the fire still burn on the household hearth,

By the elm tree old and hoar?
O, carry me back, O, carry me back
To my mother's home once more."
CHO.—Listan, &c.

4. Like the weary bird that hath wandered long,

I will seek my mountain nest, And lay my aching head once more On my gentle mother's breast.

Once more will I seek the household hearth,

By the elm tree old and hoar—O, carry me back, O, carry me back
To my mother's home once more."
CHO.—Listen, &c.

# In the Ways of True, &c.

Tune.—" Buy a Broom," S. S. Hosanna 156, Key of G.

 In the ways of true temperance see children delighting,

So joyful and happy wherever we go;
If firm to the purpose in which we're
uniting,

We shall never be drunkards—oh, never, oh, no!

Oh, never, oh, no!

2. The pledge we have taken must never be broken,

Although the poor drunkard may angrier grow;

We must always remember the words we have spoken,

And never be drunkards,—oh, never, oh, no!

Oh, never, oh, no!

 The first little drop of strong drink that is taken

Is the first step to ruin, e'en children may know;

If the first little drop be in earnest forsaken,

We shall never be drunkards,—oh, never, oh, no!

Oh, never, oh, no!

At the festal, midnight throng;
But a dream of home came o'er his heart

4. Then, free from the ruin strong drink
would occasion,

We'll stand by our temperance wherever we go;

And if had men should tempt, we'll resist their persuasion,

And never be drunkards,—oh, never, oh, no!

Oh, never, oh, no!



#### Friends of Freedom!

Tune. - "Bruce's Address," S. S. Hosanna 157, Key of A.

I. Friends of freedom! swell the song, Young and old, the strain prolong, Make the temperance army strong,

And on to victory!

Lift your banners, let them wave,
Onward march, a world to save:
Who would fill a drunkard's grave
And bear his infamy?

2. Shrink not when the foe appears; Spurn the coward's guilty fears; Hear the shrieks, behold the tears,

Of ruin'd families!
Raise the cry in every spot,
"Touch not, taste not, handle not!"
Who would be a drunken sot,
The worst of miseries?

3. Give the aching bosom rest; Carry joy to every breast; Make the wretched drunkard blest,

By living soberly:
Raise the glorious watchword high,
"Touch not, taste not, till you die!
Let the echo reach the sky,
And earth keep jubilee.

4. God of mercy, hear us plead: For thy help we intercede: See how many bosoms bleed,

And heaf them speedily.
Haste, oh, haste the happy day
When beneath its gentle ray,
TEMPERANCE all the world shall sway,
And reign triumphantly.

# Softly the Drunkard's Wife, &c.

Tune.—"Gaily the Troubadour," S. S. HOSANKA 157, Key of F.

 Softly the drunkard's wife breatheth her prayer;

Sadly her bosom heaves, wild with despair;

Saying, For thee I pine, mourning alone: Wanderer, wanderer, come to thy home.

2. He with the revellers merrily sung, Wildly he raised his voice, madly in song; She in a murmuring voice blended her tone,

Wanderer, wanderer, come to thy home.

3. Hark! 'tis ber busband's voice rings in her ear,

See how her up turn'd eye melts with the tear:

Wife of my box m! see, I am come! Come, like a wangerer, back to my home.

4. Brightly the drunkard's home shines in the ray,

Sweetly the drunkard's wife smileth to

Drunkard no longer, her husband is come: Happiness, happiness, brightens their home!

# Sparkling and Bright.

S. S. HOSANNA 156, Key of B flat.

I. Sparkling and bright in its liquid light
Is the water in our glasses:

Twill give you health, 'twill give you wealth,

Ye lads and rosy lasses! CHORUS.

Oh, then, resign your ruby wine,
Each smiling son and daughter
There's nothing so good for the youthful
blood,

Or sweet as the sparkling water.

 Better than gold is the water cold, From the crystal fountain flowing, A calm delight, both day and night, To happy homes bestowing. Oh, then, resign, &c.

3. Sorrow has fled from the heart that bled,

Of the weeping wife and mother: They've given up the poison-cup, Son, husband, daughter, brother. Oh, then, resign, &c.

# Go, Go, Thou that Enslavest me.

S. S. Hosanna 157, Key of G.

 Go, go, thou that enslavest me, Now, now, thy power is o'er, Long, long, have I obey'd thee; Now I'll not drink any more. No, no, no, no! No, I'll not drink any more.

2. Thou, thou, bringest me ever,
Deep, deep sorrow and pain!
Then, then, from thee I'll sever,
Now I'll not serve then again.
No, no, no, no!
No, I'll not serve thee again.

3. Rum, rum, thou hast bereft me,
Home, friends, pleasure so sweet
Now, now, forever I've left thee,
Thou and I never shall meet.
No, no, no, no!
Thou and I never shall meet.

4. Joys, joys bright as t'æ morning, Now, now, on me will pour; Hope, hope, sweetly is dawning, Now I'll not drink any more,

No, no, no, no! No, I'll not drink any more.



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# On a Christmas Morning.

3. Shower, 6, Key of D; also Oriola 82, S. S. Hosanna 106.

1. Little children, can you tell,
Do you know the story well,
Every girl and every boy,
Why the angels sing for joy
On the Christmas morning:
The angels sing for joy?

2. Shepherds sat upon the ground, Fleecy flocks were scatter'd round, When the brightness fill'd the sky, And a song was heard on high, Cho.—On the Christmas morning.

3. "Joy and peace," the angels sang, Far the pleasant echoes rang, "Peace on earth, to men good will!" Hark! the angels sing it still CHO.—On the Christmas morning,

4. For a little babe that day, Christ, the Lord of angels lay, Born on earth our Lord to be: This the wondering angels see, CHO.—On the Christmas morning.

5. Let us sing the angels' song, And the pleasant sounds prolong: This fair Babe of Bethlehem Children loves and blesses them CHO.—On the Christmas morning.

6. "Peace" our little hearts shall fill, "Peace on earth, to men good will!" Hear us sing the angels' song, And the pleasant notes prolong, CHO.—On the Christmas morning.

# Christmas Carol.

Tune.—"WALK IN THE LIGHT," S. S. BELL, No. 1—60, Key of G; also G. Chain 43,

Loudly let the anthem swell,
 On this night, on this night,
 Joyously the story tell,
 On this Christmas night;
 For the Saviour's wondrous birth,
 God we praise,
 Peace He brought to all on earth,
 Thee, Oh God, we praise!

CHORUS.—Let us swell the glad song, Swell the song, swell the song, Let us swell the glad song, On this Christmas night.

> Shepherds, watching on the plain, On this night, on this night, Heard the angels' heavenly strain, On this Christmas night;
>  Bright the glory shone around,

In the night, in the night,
Hasting, then, the babe they found,
Ere the morning light.
Cho.—Let us swell the, &c.

3. In a manger, Jesus lay,
On this night, on this night,
While above, His star did stay,
On this Christmas night;
Then the shepherds quick returned,
Praising God, praising God,
Telling all the news they'd learned,
On this Christmas night.
CHO.—Let us swell the, &c.

4. Age on age has passed, yet we, On this night, on this night, Gather round our Christmas tree, On this Christmas night; Here we praise the Saviour's name, On this night, on this night, on this Christmas night, On this Christmas night. CHO.—Let us swell the, &c. Dr. C. R. Blackall,

### The Song of Angels.

G. CHAIN 114, Key of G; also S. S. Hosanna, 88

 There's a song the angels sing, And its notes with rapture ring, Round the throne whose radiance fills the heavens above.

Shepherds heard the distant strain, Watching on Judea's plain, "Glory be to God, to men be peace and love!"

l" Chorus.

Through the earth and through the sky
Let the anthem ever fly,

"Peace, good will to men, and glory be to God on high!"

'Tis a song for children too;
 To the Saviour 'tis their due;
 Let its grateful notes ascend to him again;
 Join with angels in their song,
 And the heavenly strain prolong,
 "Glory be to God, good will and peace to

men!" Сно.—Through the earth, &с

3. Soon around that throne may we With those happy angels be, Striking harps to strains that nevermore shall cease:

Mingling love with loftiest praise, Still the chorus there we'll raise, "Glory be to God, to men good will and

peace!" Сно.—Through the earth, &с.



#### My Country 'Tis of Thee.

G. Chain 103, Key of G; also S. S. Hosanna 94, P. Songs 125.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died; Land of the pilgrims' pride; From every mountain-side

Let freedom ring. 2. My native country, thee, Land of the noble free,

Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.

3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.

#### O Say Can You See. Key of B flat.

1. O say can you see, by the dawns early

What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?

Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so 2. Who would sever Freedom's shrine? gallantly streaming;

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,

Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there;

O say, does the star spangled banner still wave,

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

2. On the shore, dimly seen through the 3. By our altars pure and free, mist of the deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,

What is that, which the breeze o'er the towering steep,

As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses? Now it catches the gleam of the morn-

stream; 'Tis the star-spangled banner, oh, long may it wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

3. Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand

Between their loved home and war's desolation;

Bless'd with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land

Praise, the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,

And this be our motto-"In God is our trust !"

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

### Hail! Our Country's Natal Morn.

Song Queen, Key of B flat.

1. Hail our country's natal morn! Hail our spreading kindred born! Hail thou banner not yet torn! Still waving o'er the FREE! While this day, in festal throng, Millions swell the patriot song, Shall not we thy notes prolong? Hallowed Jubilee!

Сно.—Hail! our country's natal morn, Hail! ye millions yet unborn, Hail! thou banner not yet torn, Still waving o'er the free. While this day, in festal throng, Millions swell the patriot song, Shall not we thy notes prolong, Hallowed jubilee?

Who would draw th' invidious line? Though by birth one spot be mine,

Yet dear is all the rest-Dear to me the South's fair land, Dear the central mountain band, Dear New England's rocky strand, Dear the prairied WEST. Сно.—Hail! our country's, &с.

By our law's deep-rooted tree, By the past dread memory,

And by our MARTYR's name: By our common parent tongue, By our hopes, bright, buoyant, young, By the tie of country strong, United we'll remain.

Сно.—Hail! our country's, &с.

In full glory reflected now shines on the Ages! must be led in vain? Maker! shall we rashly stain

These blessings sent by THEE? No! receive our solemn vow, While before thy throne we bow, Ever to maintain as now,

"Union—Liberty." Сно.—Hail! our country's, &с.

## With Christ we'll Walk the Wayside.

"Dear little children; I want you all to be ready to die; ready that you may go to be with Christ, WITH CHRIST.

FREDERICK STARR, Jr. [Dying message to his Sunday School.]



### Come, Thou Almighty King, &c.

Tune .- America, Key of G. 1. Come, thou Almighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Father all-glorious, O'er all victorious, Come and reign over us, Ancient of days.

Jesus, our Lord, arise, Scatter our enemies,

Now make them fall! Let thine almighty aid Our sure defence be made, Our souls on thee be stay'd: Lord, hear our call !

3. Come, thou incarnate Word, Gird on thy mighty sword; Our prayer attend! Come, and thy people bless; Come, give thy word success: Spirit of holiness,

On us descend!

#### Columbia, the Gem of, &c. Key of G.

I. O, Columbia! the gem of the ocean, The home of the brave and the free, The shrine of each patriot's devotion, A world offers homage to thee!

Thy mandates make heroes assemble, When Liberty's form stands in view,-Thy banners make tyranny tremble,

When borne by the Red, White, and

CHO.- When borne by the Red, White, and Plue,:

Thy banners make tyranny tremble, When borne by the Red, White, and Blue.

2. When war winged its wide desolation, The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd And threatened the land to deform, The ark, then, of Freedom's foundation,

Columbia, rode safe through the storm; Deep horror then my vitals froze, With her garlands of vict'ry around her, When so proudly she bore her brave

With her flag proudly floating before her, The boast of the Red, White, and Blue. CHO.—The boast of the Red, &c.

And fill you it true to the brim!

May the wreaths they have won never And through the storm, and danger's

Nor the stars of their glory grow dim! May the service united ne'er sever, But they to their colors prove true!

The Army and Navy forever! Three cheers for the Red, White, and

Blue!

#### The Marseillaise.

Key of G.

1. Ye sons of Freedom wake to glory, Hark! hark, what myriads bid you rise, Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary Behold their tears, and hear their

Shall lawless tyrants mischief breeding, With hireling host, a ruffian band Affright and desolate the land, While peace and liberty lie bleeding. Сно.—To arms, to arms, ye brave, The patriot sword unsheath,

March on, march on, all hearts resolved On liberty or death.

2. Oh, liberty! can man resign thee, Once having felt thy glorious flame? Can tyrant's bolts and bars confine thee, ||: And thus thy noble spirit tame ?: || Too long our country wept bewailing

The bloodstain'd sword our conquerors wield,

But freedom is our sword and shield, And all their arts, are unavailing. Сно.—To arms, &с.

#### Star of Bethlehem.

Mason's Book of Chants 133, Key of A.

 When marshall'd on the nightly plain, The glittering host be- | stud the | sky, One star alone, of all the train,

Can fix the | sinner's | wandering | eye. Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks, From every host, from | ev'ry | gem; But one alone the Saviour speaks,-

It is the | Star, the | Star of | Bethlehem!

2. Once on the raging seas I rode; The storm was loud, the | night was |

The wind that | toss'd my | foundering

Death-struck, I ceas'd the | tide tostem;

When suddenly a star arose,— It was the | Star, the | Star of | Bethlehem!

3. The wine-cup, the wine-cup bring hither, 3. It was my guide, my light, my all: It made my dark fore | bodings | cease;

It | led me to the | port of | peace.||

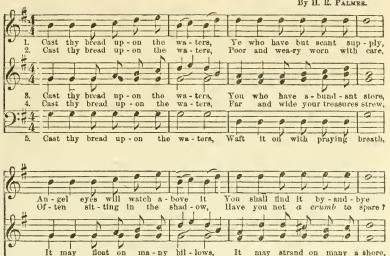
Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er, I'll sing, | first in night's | diadem, For ever and for everniore,

The | Star! the | Star of | Bethlehem! H. K. White.

it go !

to see





In some dis - tant. doubtful mo - ment, It may save a soul from death,

Laugh for

with will - ing fin - gers,

Scat - ter

it



si - lence, 'Neath the morn and even - ing dew. When you sleep in sol - emn



Stranger hands which you have strengthened May strew lillies you

#### The Rainy Day.

Published in sheet form, Key of F.

It rains, and the wind is never weary; The vine still clings to the mouldering We will work for God and battle for the

wall,

But at every gust the dead leaves fall ||: And the day is dark and dreary .: ||

2. My life is cold, and dark, and dreary: It rains, and the wind is never weary;

past,

||: And the days are dark and dreary.: ||

3. Be still, sad heart! and cease repining; Behind the clouds is the sun still shining; Thy fate is the common fate of all, Into each life some rain must fall,

||:Some days must be dark and dreary .: ||

Longfellow.

#### The River of Time.

Published in sheet form, Key of F.

1. There's a magical isle up the river of

Where the softest of airs are playing;

clime, And a song as sweet as a vesper chime, And the tunes with the roses are stray-

2. And the name of this isle is the Long

And we bury our treasures there.

There are brows of beauty and bosoms of

There are heaps of dust, but we love them

There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

3. There are fragments of song that nobody sings,

And a part of an infant's prayer; There's a lute unswept and a harp with-

out strings,

There are broken vows and pieces of rings, And the garments that she used to wear.

4. There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore,

By the mirage, is lifted in air;

And we sometimes hear, through the turbulant roar,

before.

When the wind down the river is fair. B. F. Taylor.

### Sunday School Volunteer Song.

FRESH LAURELS 30, Key of A.

1. The day is cold, and dark, and dreary; 1. We are marching on, with shield and banner bright,

right ;

We will praise his name, rejoicing in his might,

And we'll work till Jesus calls:

In the Sunday School our army we pre-

My thoughts still cling to the mouldering As we rally round our blessed standard there:

But the hopes of youth fall thick in the And the Saviour's cross we early learn to

While we work till Jesus calls.

CHO.—Then awake, then awake, Happy song, happy song,

Shout for joy, shout for joy, As we gladly march along:

We are marching onward, singing as we go. To the promised land, where living waters flow;

Come and join our ranks as pilgrims here below,

Come and work till Jesus calls.

2. We are marching on, our Captain ever near,

Will protect us still, his voice we ever hear;

There's a cloudless sky and a tropical Let the foe advance, we'll never, never fear.

For we'll work till Jesus calls.

Then awake, awake, our happy, happy

We will shout for joy, and gladly march along;

In the Lord of Hosts let every heart be strong,

While we work till Jesus calls. Сно. — Then awake, &c.

3. We are marching on the straight and narrow way,

That will lead to life and everlasting day, To the smiling fields that never will decay, But we'll work till Jesus calls:

We are marching on, and pressing toward the prize,

To a glorious crown beyond the glowing skies,

To the radiant fields where pleasure never dies,

And we'll work till Jesus calls. Сно.—Then awake, &с.

#### Doxology.

Sweet voices we heard in the days gone Praise God from whom all blessing flow, Praise him all creatures here below; Praise him above ye heavenly host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



#### If I Were a Voice.

Song Crown 174, Key of A.

Song Crown 174, Key of A.

I. If I were a voice, a persuasive voice, CHORUS.—||:A hundred years to come?||
That could travel the wide world thro;
Where? where? I would fly on the beams of the morning light.

And tell them to be true.

I would fly, I would fly over land and sea, Wherever a human heart might be, Telling a tale or singing a song

I would fly, I would fly, I would fly o'er land and sea.

2. If I were a voice, a consoling voice,

I'd fly on the wings of the air: The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek, And calm and truthful words I'd speak,

To save them from despair.

I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowded town,

And drop, like the happy sunlight, down Into the hearts of suffering men.

And teach them to look up again, I would fly, I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowded town.

3. If I were a voice, a convincing voice

I'd travel with the wind, And wherever I saw the nations torn, By warfare, jealousy, spite, or scorn,

Or hatred of their kind,

I would fly, I would fly on the thunder crash,

And into their blinded bosoms flash: Then, with their evil thoughts subdued, I'd teach them Christian Brotherhood,

I would fly, I would fly, I would fly on the thunder crash.

4. If I were a voice, an immortal voice, I would fly the earth around: And wherever man to his idols bowed,

I'd publish in notes both long and loud The Gospel's joyful sound.

I would fly, I would fly on the wings of

Proclaiming peace on my world-wide way, 3. Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be Bidding the saddened earth rejoice-If I were a voice, an immortal voice, I would fly, I would fly,

I would fly on the wings of day.

# A Hundred Years to Come.

Song Crown 147, Key of A.

I Where, where will be the birds that sing? A hundred years to come? The flow'rs that now in beauty spring,

A hundred years to come?

The rosy lip, the lofty brow,

The heart that beats so gaily now? O where will be love's beaming eye,

A hundred years to come.

And speak to men with a gentle might, 2. Who'll throng for gold this crowded street,

> A hundred years to come? Who'll tread you church with willing feet?

A hundred years to come? In praise of the right—in blame of the Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth, wrong,

And childhood with its heart of truth? The rich, the poor, on land and sea-Where will the mighty millions be?

CHO.—A hundred years to come, &c.

3. We all within our graves shall sleep, A hundred years to come;

No living soul for us will weep,

A hundred years to come; But other men our lands will till, And others, then, our streets will fill, While other birds will sing as gay-As bright the sun shine as to-day,

Сно.—A hundred years to come, &c.

### 0, Eyes That are Weary, &c.

Tune .- "Expostulation," Key of G.

I. O, eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore!

Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more! The light of his countenance shineth so bright,

That here, as in heaven, there need be no night.

2. While looking to Jesus, my heart can not fear;

I tremble no more when I see Jesus near: I know that his presence my safe-guard will be,

For "Why are ye troubled?" he saith un-

found,

When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round:

They bear me away in his presence to be: I see him still nearer whom always I see.

4. Then, then shall I know the full beauty

and grace Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to

Shall know how his love went before me

each day,

And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.



### Morning Prayer.

(For music to the following Chants see Olive Branch 297 and 298.)

#### Venite Exultimus Domino. Key of D.

- I. O Come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord | let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of 9. For thou only | art = | holy, | Thou | onour sal- | vation.
- nks- giving, and show ourselves glad in | him with | psalms.
- 3. For the Lord is a | great = | God || and a great | King a | bove all | gods.
- 4. In his hand are all the corners of the earth; | and the strength of the | hills is | his= | also.
- his hands pre- | pared the | dry= | land
- 6. O come, let us worship and fall down, | and kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
- 7. For he is the | Lord our | God, | and we are people of his pasture, and the sheep of | his= | hand.
- O worship the Lord in the | beauty of | holiness; | let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | him.
- the | earth || and with righteousness to judge the world, and the people | with CHO.—The goodly fellowship of his | truth.
- 10. Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son | and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
- 11. As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be | world with | out | 4. Sol - The Father, of an infinite | Majend. A = | men.

# Gloria in Excelsis.

Key of G.

TO THE FIRST PART OF THE CHANT.

- 1, Glory be to | God on | high, | and on earth | peace, good | will towards | men
- 2. We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, | we glorify thee, we give thanks to | thee for | thy great | glory. TO THE SECOND PART.
- the Father | Al = | mighty !
- 4. O Lord, the only-begotten Son, Jesus | Christ, || O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father.

#### TO THE THIRD PART.

- 5. That takest away the | sins of the | world || have mercy up- on= us.
- 6. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, | have mercy up- on= us

- 7. Thou that takest away the sins of the | world, | re- | ceive our | prayer.
- 8. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, | have mercy up- on-

#### TO THE FIRST PART.

- ly | art the | Lord.
- 2. Let us come before his presence | with 10. Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, || art most high in the | glory of | God the | Father. | A- | men.

#### Te Deum Laudamus.

- Tune.—"Rose of Sharon," Key of A flat. Published by Moore, Kelly & Co., Chicago.
- 1. Solo.—We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the | Lord ; || 5. The sea is his, | and he | made it; | and CHO. - All the earth doth worship Thee,
  - the Father Ever- | lasting. || Sol. —To Thee, all Angels cry aloud: the
  - Heavens and all the powers there- in; Сно.—To Thee, Cherubim and Seraphim con- | tinually do cry. ||

#### CHORUS.

- 2. Holy,—Holy,—Ho- | ly; || Lord God of | Sabaoth; || Heaven and earth are | full; | Of the | majesty of Thy Glory. ||
- 9. For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge 3. Sol. The glorious company of the Apostles praise | Thee; |
  - Prophets praise | Thee; || Sol.—The noble army of Martyrs praise
  - | Thee; ||
  - CHO.-The Holy Church, throughout all the world | doth acknowledge Thee. |
  - esty;
  - CHO.—Thine adorable, true, and only
  - Sol.—Also the Holy Ghost, the | Comforter; |
  - CHO.—Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ; Thou art the Everlasting | Son —of the Father. |
  - 5. Sol.-When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver | man; ||
  - Сно.—Thou didst humble Thyself to be born of a | Virgin; |
- 3. O Lord God, | Heavenly | King, || God, | Sol. When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of | death; ||
  - Cho.—Thou didst open the Kingdom or | Heaven to all believers. ||
  - 6. Sol.—Thou sittest on the right hand of God, in the Glory of the | Father; |
  - CHO.-We believe that Thou shalt come, to be our | Judge; |
  - Sol.—We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious | blood;

- CHO.-Make them to be numbered with thy Saints, in | glory everlasting. |
- bless Thine | heritage; | CHO.-Govern them and lift them up for-

ever.

- Soi Day by day we magnify | Thee ; | CHO .- And we worship Thy Name ever, | world without-end. ||
- CHO.—O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mercy upon | us. ||
- Sol -O Lord, let Thy mercy be upon us, as our trust is in | Thee ; |
- CHO.—O Lord, in Thee have I trusted; let me | never be confounded. | "

(For Jubilate Deo, see page 37.)

#### Benedictus.

Key of F.

- 1. Blessed be the Lord | God of | Israel, | for he hath visited, and re- deemed his II. Glory be to the Father, and to the
- 2. And hath raised up a mighty sal- | vation | for us || in the | house of his | servant | David;
- 3. As he spake by the mouth of his | holy Prophets, | which have been | since the world be- gan;
- 4. That we should be saved | from our | enemies | and from the | hand of | all that | hate us.
- 5. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, | and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
- 6. As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, | world with- | out end. A- men.

(For responses to the Decalogue, see page 84.)

#### Evening Prayer.

(For Doxology and Gloria in Excelsis, see Morning Prayer.)

### Cantate Domino.

Key of G.

- I. O sing unto the | Lord a 'new | song; | 6. Then shall the earth bring | forth her | for he | hath done | marvellous | things.
- 2. With his own right hand, and with his | holy | arm, | hath he | gotten him- | self the | victory.
- his righteousness hath he openly showed | in the | sight of the | heathen.
- 4. He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the | house of | Israel; | and |

- all the ends of the world have seen the sal- | vation | of our | God.
- 7. Sol.—O Lord, save Thy people, and 5. Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord, | all ye | lands, | sing, re- | joice, and | give= | thanks.
  - 6. Praise the Lord up- on the harp; sing to the harp with a | Psalm of | thanksgiving.
- 8. Sol.—Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us 7. With trumpets, | also, and | shawms, || O show yourself joyful be- | fore the | Lord, the King.
  - 8. Let the sea make a noise, and all that | therein is; the round world, and they that | dwell there- | in.
  - 9. Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together be- | fore the Lord; | for he | cometh to | judge the
  - 10. With righteousness shall he judge the | world, | and the | people | with= |
  - Son, | and | to the | Holy | Ghost.
  - 12. As it was in the beginning, is now, anever | shall be, | world with | out end A = | men.

#### Deus Misereatur.

Key of E flat.

- I. God be merciful unto us, and bless us, | and show us the light of his countenance, and be merci- ful un- to us.
- 2. That thy way may be | known upon | earth, | thy saving | health a- | mong all nations.
- 3. Let the people praise thee, O God | yea, let all the people praise thee.
- 4. O let the nations rejoice | and be | glad, || for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.
- Let the people praise thee, O God ! yea, let | all the | people | praise thee.
- increase || and God, even our own | God shall give us his | blessing.
- 7. God= shall | bless us, | and all the ends of the | world shall | fear = | him.
- 3. The Lord declared his sal- vation; | 8. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, | and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
  - 9. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever | shall be, | world with- out end. A-= | men.



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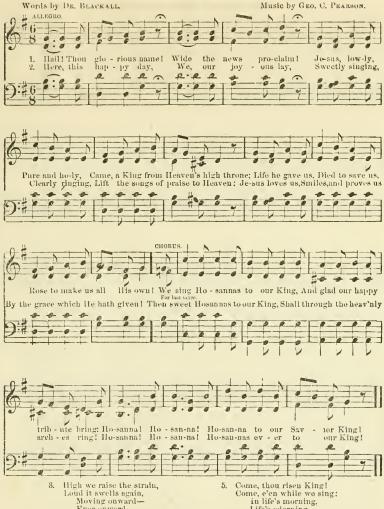








Oninging to the Hock. 82 Composed expressly for the "NORTH STAR MISSION" Sabbath-school, by W. H. DOANE. Allegro. 1. When the tempest rages high, Sailing on life's boisterous sea; Stormy billows I de-2. When 'mid drifting wrecks I'm cast, Darkness settling thickly round, Hope shall lift her 3. When the conquering waves shall close Proudly o'er me as I die; Over these brief victor Clinging to the Bock, Clinging to the Rock. Clinging to the Rock, Clinging to the Rock. Clinging to the Rock. I then be on - ly shal triumph while I found cry, Shel-ter for me ev-er. Strength that faileth never; When the storms of life are o'er, Shel-ter for me ev-er, Strength that faileth never; When the storms of life are o'er, Look for me on Canaan's shore, Clinging to the Rock, Clinging to the Rock. Clinging to the Bock, Clinging to the Rock. Look for me on Canaan's shore,



Ever onward As the waves of ocean roll: And its burden-Precions burden! Calms and soothes the weary soul! Chorus.

4. Oh! our blessed Lord, Now, with sweet accord, We before Thee, Do implore Thee

E'er to make these courts Thine own: Let Thy glory-Brightest glory! Be in rich profusion shown. Chorus.

Life's adorning

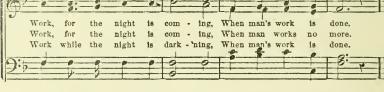
Give us, while we seek Thy way; May we never From Thee sever,-

May we near Thee constant stay! 6. Then, when life is o'er-

Passed, the golden shore, O'er the River— Beauteous River! Where the light of God doth shine, Songs resonnding,

Joys abounding, E'er shall tell of Lovo divine! Chorus





Besponses to the Decalogue.

Lord have mercy upon as and incline our hearts to keep this law. A - men.

'FINALE Lord have mercy upon us and write all these thy laws upon our | hearts we be | seech thee.

#### "And he ministered with singing."



Singing for Jesus glad hymns of devotion, Lifting the soul on her pinions of love; Dropping a word or a thought by the wayside, Telling of rest in the mansions above. Music may soften where language would fail us, Feelings long buried 'twill often restore,

How we revere them when they are no more

Singing for Jesus, my blessed Redeemer, God of the pilgrims, for thee I will sing; When o'er the billows of time I am wafted, Still with thy praise shall eternity ring. Glory to God for the prospect before me, Soon shall my spirit transported ascend; Tones that were breathed from the lips of departed, Singing for Jesus, O blissful employment, Loud hallelujahs that never will end.























\*From Chapel Gems, by Permission of Root & Cady









1. From the recesses of a lowly spirit Our humble prayer ascends; O | Father, | hear it;-Borne on the trembling wings of fear and meekness;

For- | give its | weakness.

2. We know, we feel, how mean and how unworthy The lowly sacrifice we | pour be- | fore thee: What can we offer thee, O thou most holy!

But | sin and | folly!

3. We see thy hand-it leads us, it supports us;-We hear thy voice—it | counsels, . . . and it | courts us; And then we turn away!-yet still thy kindness

For- | gives our | blindness.

4. Who can resist thy gentle call, appealing To every generous thought and | grateful | feeling?-O, who can hear the accents of thy mercy,

And | never | love thee?

5. Kind Benefactor I plant within this bosom The | seeds of | holiness, | and let them blossom In fragrance, and in beauty bright and vernal

And | spring e- | ternal.

6. Then place them in those everlasting gardens Where angels walk, and | scraphs....are the | wardens;-Where every flower-brought safe through death's dark portal-Be | comes im- | mortal.





- 3. O give thanks unto the Lord of lords;
- Cho. For his mercy, &c. 4. To him who alone doeth great wonders; Cho. For his mercy, &c.
- 5. To him that by wisdom made the heavens; Cho. For his mercy, &c. 6. To him that stretched out the earth above the waters; Cho. For his mercy, &c.
- 7. To him that made great lights; Cho. For his mercy, &c. 8. The sun to rule by day; the moon and stars to rule by night; Cho. For his, &c.
- Cho. For his mercy, &c. Who remembered us in our low estate; 10. And hath redecmed us from our enemies; Cho. For his mercy, &c.
- 11. Who giveth food to all flesh;
- 12. O give thanks unto the God of heaven;

Cho. For his mercy, &c. Cho. For his mercy, &c.



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